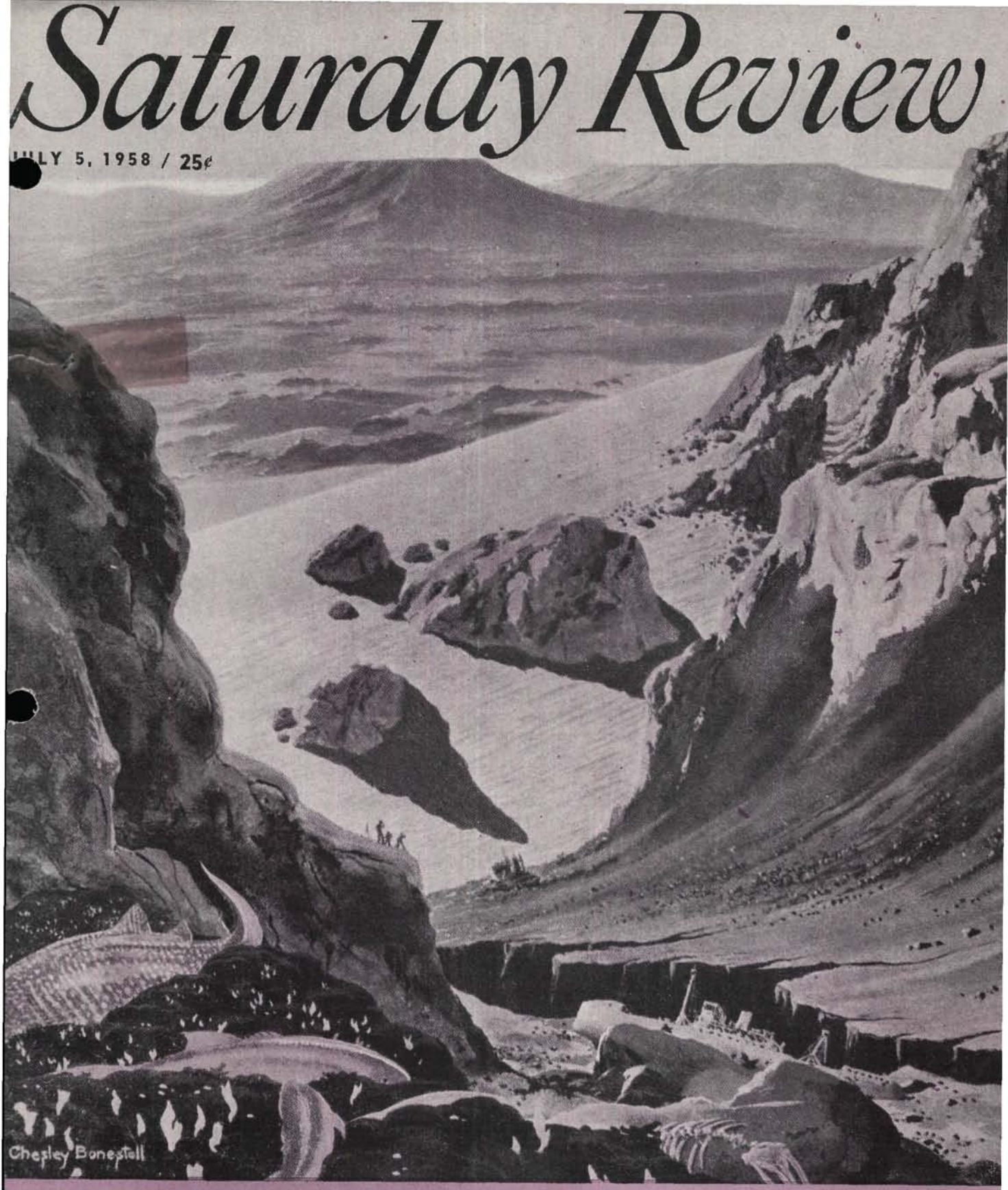
Saturday Review

JULY 5, 1958 / 25¢



A Chesley Bonestell vision of the Pacific with the water gone (See SCIENCE)

OUR WATER PLANET

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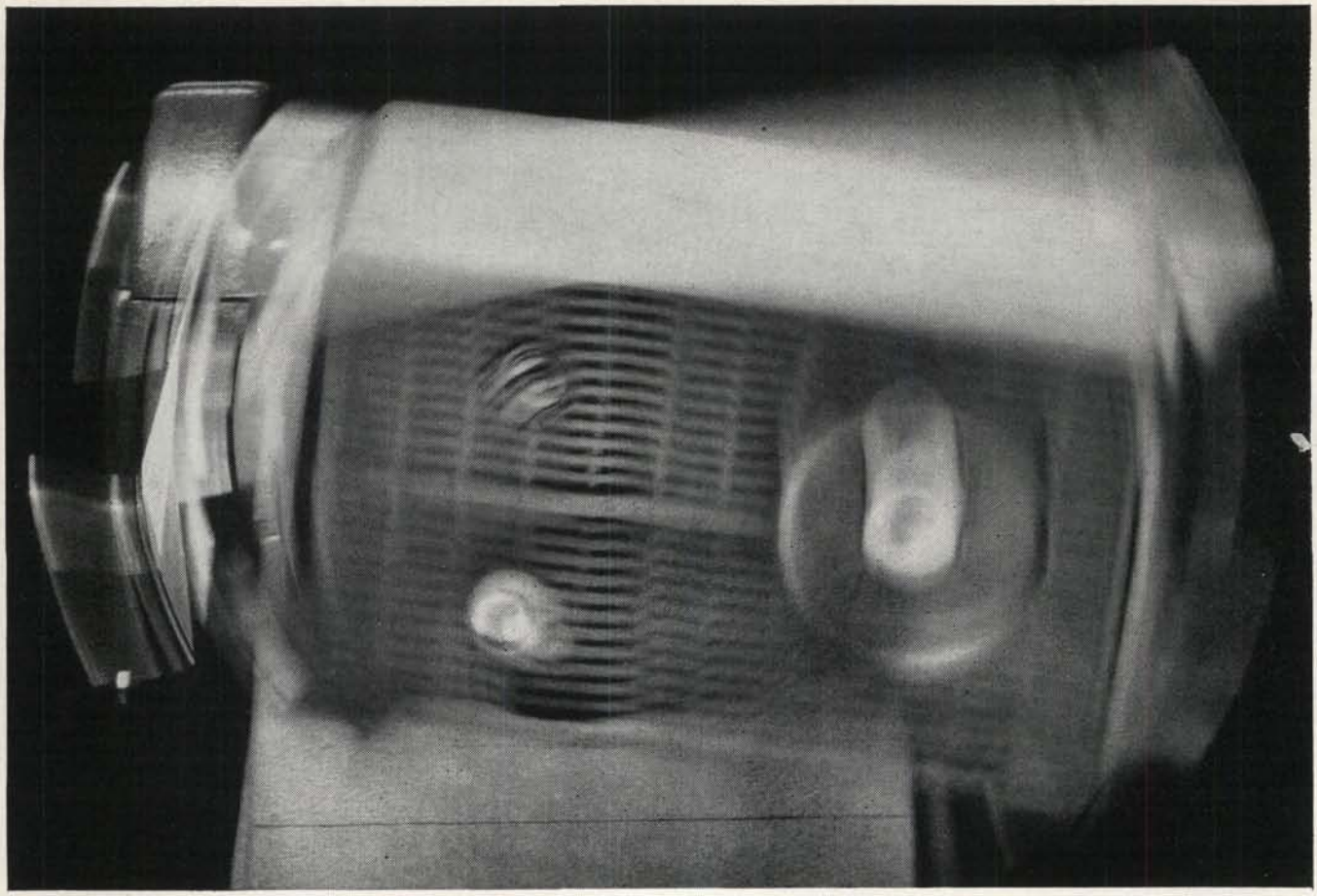
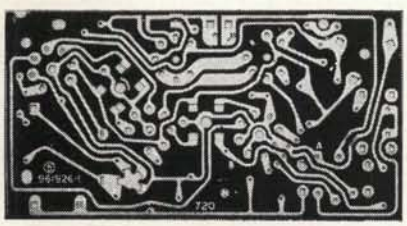


RADIO SHRUGS OFF
CIRCUIT-SHATTERING VIBRATION
thanks to printed circuits of COPPER!

Jiggling for five punishing hours in a paint-store mixing machine, this sturdy little radio by RCA Victor plays gaily on. Secret of its amazing stamina? Instead of conventional wiring, with scores of individually-soldered connections, it has "printed circuits" of copper foil snugly laminated to a nonconductive board.

In making most printed circuits, the desired circuit pattern is printed on paper-thin copper foil with acid-resistant inks. Then unwanted areas of copper are etched away so that only the circuit remains, permanently bonded to the baseboard.



Printed circuit of copper on baseboard, before components are assembled.

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And you're going to be getting more of them! Industry leaders consider a 500% increase in printed circuitry—above the tremendous acceptance enjoyed today—a virtual certainty within the next few years. Instrument panels of some automobiles already use printed circuits; soon electric ranges will, too, as well as air conditioners, office machines, and communications equipment of many kinds. In fact, almost everything that uses complicated electric wiring can be made more trouble-free with printed circuits.

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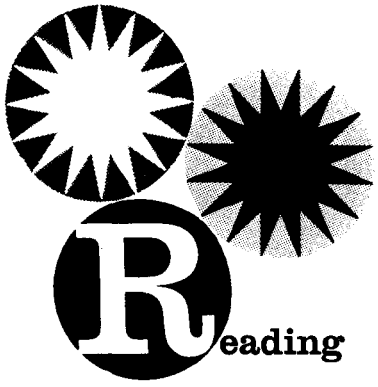

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The Saturday Review

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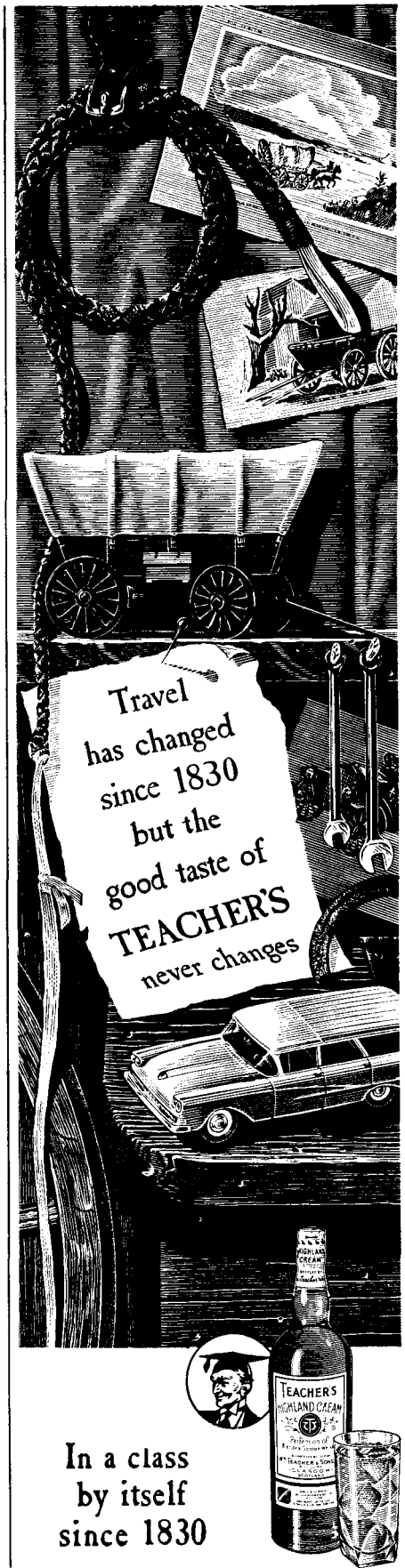

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

AMONG the things that bust out all over, besides June and Mr. Sherman Adams, was *The New York Times*. On the eve of June 4, without so much as a day's warning, they changed their editorial page. It wasn't a big change, of course—from three columns to two—but it was change all right, make no mistake about it, and we hustled right over to the anonymous editor of the *Times*, Mr. Charles Merz, to see if it was fitting to print. Mr. Merz, who will this fall celebrate his twentieth anonymous anniversary, said it was. He told us that it was not, however, a change in policy—just format. "Every now and then," he said, "we pulled a dummy on the thing, and we all liked the idea long ago, but what with one thing and another, and the lethargy of an old organization, we never did run it. Then, on June 4, we just up and did."

• • Mr. Merz, formerly the associate editor of *The New York World* under Walter Lippmann, does not, of course, up and write all the *Times* editorials. Indeed, the editorial page staff includes eight others: Edward Collins, R. L. Duffus, William L. Laurence, Herbert L. Matthews, John B. Oakes, William D. Ogdon, Harry Schwartz, and Otto Tolischus, all of whose names appear on signed articles in other parts of the paper. But even Mr. Merz, who writes editorials only, is not entirely anonymous. Once a year, when the *Times* must, by law, print the names of its officers, there appears, sure enough, the name of Charles Merz, Editor. Somehow, in these days of the editorial "I," it all seemed pretty refreshing.

• • This year's commencement addresses were, in many instances, a sharp break from the old "onward and upward" tradition. Indeed there were so many controversial addresses that even an all-out attack on the churches by no less a theologian than Harvard's President Pusey went almost unnoticed. Dr. Pusey found, among other church shortcomings, that the music was "poor," the hymns "impossible," and the sermons "unhelpful" and "moralistic." He also derided the notion that churches are for "good" people rather than sinners, or that "one goes to church as a favor to God." Furthermore, it all came under the head of what is called the "baccalaureate sermon." Meanwhile, Yale's President Whitney Griswold also embarked on some iconoclasm in another direction. Attacking what he called the "long, cumulative process of self-deception," he turned his attention to what is sometimes called the present Administration. "We have had enough," he said, "of the pious cant that says the Sputniks were a good thing because they will wake us up, or that the reception of the Vice President in South America was a good thing because it showed up the weaknesses of the Good Neighbor Policy. This is worse than making a virtue of necessity. It is making a virtue of disaster."

• • On the honorary degree front, we noted a definite trend away from the old style, heavily Latinized citations. This year they were shorter, in English, and, at times, even humorous: to wit, Princeton's award to North Carolina's William Clyde Friday, who was not only called a "triumvir among the Tarheels" but also Southern education's "admirable man Friday."

• • As for our own award for the month, we gave it, albeit with some misgivings, to Mr. Ed Sullivan for his TV tour of the Brussels Fair and Miss Brigitte Bardot. "Fifty million people," said Ed, "will see the Fair this summer—about the same number that are seeing this program tonight." The next week Mr. Sullivan celebrated his tenth anniversary on television, and, the way we figure it, we've lost 26 billion man-hours to Russians right there.

• • Just before Harvard commenced its commencement, we journeyed up to Cambridge for a Harvard Law School Forum on, of all subjects, "Manners." As if this wasn't enough, one of our fellow panelists was, of all people, Mike Wallace. And our moderator was, of all other people, Al Capp. Fortunately, our third panelist, authoress Felicia Lamport, wife of Benjamin Kaplan, Harvard Law Professor, was at least partially noncontroversial—although her husband is now teaching at Yale. Nonetheless, when she told us "Etiquette in the twentieth century has been left at the Post—Emily, of course," it was too much. The audience hissed. Then Mr. Wallace took over. "I damn well know why you asked me," he said. "It's because I'm a louse." The audience applauded—politely, of course.

• • In honor of the forthcoming Fourth, we are pleased to report that the Russian and American Governments have worked out an author exchange for later on this summer. Meanwhile, on behalf of the Authors League of America Adlai Stevens will go direct to Khrushchev to s. about American writers who have been published in Russia receiving royalties. A few, indeed, have already been paid something, and the Russians recently admitted they were now willing to pay the "poor, proletarian authors" but they are not willing to pay the "rich, capitalistic publishers." We hope they haven't thought of it yet, but they are also probably pretty bothered, at least subconsciously, by that word "royalty."

• • The only authors the Russians have so far specifically asked for are such poor proletarians as William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway. Nonetheless, this is something of an improvement over the last time the idea of an author-exchange came up. It was back in the good old days of World War II, and Rex Stout, president of the Authors League, went over to the Russian consulate to meet a young man who has since risen high in the Communist hierarchy—M. Andrei Gromyko. "What authors," asked Mr. Stout politely, "do you want?" "Ve vant," replied M. Gromy gruffly, "Yack London and Yames Yenimore Yooper."

• • Our recent column on America's chess revival brought us many letters asking us to plead with *SR* for a regular chess column in some part of the magazine. We will do our best, but meanwhile we suggest, if you want such a column, bombard postcards at the editors. In the hands of these moguls rests the final decision, but all is not yet lost, for many of them are, praise be, chessers. The question also arises as to whether the column should be annotated "best game" or a chess problem. Chess nuts are sharply divided on this score. To the gamey crowd, problems are artificial, and there is nothing like a game. To the problem children, problems are artistic and every move a brilliancy, whereas the average game is ordinary and humdrum. A good problem, they say, one in which the key move is never a move of violence, is as difficult to compose as a symphony. As for ourselves, we le toward the game, but we are willi to divide the two—a problem every other week and a game every other other. Anyway, vote early and often and don't think your individual vote will not count. The only things moguls can do is count.

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

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TRADE Winds

THIS IS ANOTHER one of those three-day weekends when some national organization predicts how many of us will be killed in our automobiles during the period in question. Believe me, this is a tough prediction to make. If the figure is too low, then people will stop worrying about it. If the prediction is too high, then when the weekend is over folks will say, "Well, that wasn't so deadly, after all."

If you run an outfit that depends on a nervous public, then you had better keep 'em nervous. That's where the well-worn phrase "but he warned against complacency" comes in. Whenever anyone hands out any good news—and that isn't popular these days—he tacks on that phrase, so that we will not think the news is so good that we ought to cut down the budget or abolish the particular organization that was originally formed because the news was bad. The problem faces many groups from the Pentagon and FBI down through the big disease-fighting organizations to the local board of education or poison-ivy eradication committee. They want us to know they're doing a good job, but not *too* good a job. Because if you do too good a job you're out of a job.

The truth is that on any three-day weekend there are more statistics than on a two-day weekend. If more auto deaths occur, so will more other things occur. My predictions:

- ▶ More children will be polite to their parents.
- ▶ More beer will be drunk.
- ▶ More patients will be released from hospitals.
- ▶ More spies will escape.
- ▶ More books will be read.

These are predictions I like to hear, and it sounds like a perfectly fine three-day weekend to me. (Obviously, I am referring to American children, parents, beer, patients, spies, and books. After all, it's the Fourth of July.)

THE ONLY ONE of those categories I am prepared to discuss right now is the last one. If, rather than curling up in some vehicular mishap, you would do it with a book, here are some absolutely arbitrary suggestions:

"The Soul of China" (Coward-McCann), by Amaury de Riencourt. A remarkable interpretation of the history, culture, and philosophy of China, "this windowless monad, now as irretrievably destroyed as the Egypt of the Pharaohs." Those of us who have had a glimpse of the country, people, or language of China (a Westerner can spend a lifetime in that country and it is only a glimpse) have felt as frustrated as a person who has read a fraction of a detective story—latching on to a lot of unrelated clues and never being permitted to come to the ending. This book provides a key to the mystery, even though at the same time it will add to the inferiority complex we ought to have—if we don't have—when we consider our attempts to understand other peoples. On the other hand, don't read "The Soul of China" if you have never wondered about China, if you already have enough disturbing, unresolved questions to cope with.

"The Oldest Confession," by Richard Condon (Appleton-Century-Crofts). The author gets credit for an unusual setting and plot. This is about a fellow who steals valuable paintings in Spain, substituting exact copies for the originals. Of course, it doesn't work out that way at all, or I wouldn't be tipping you off. The book's worth reading for the ingenious scheming that goes on.

"A Matter of Life and Death" (Putnam), Herbert Bailey's second book on krebiozen, the first one being published three years ago and entitled "Krebiozen—Key to Cancer?" (*SR* Aug. 13, 1955). The pro-krebiozen forces don't bother with the question mark any more, and this current book is just as controversial a story as you could expect. What it boils down to, according to the author: a cure for cancer has been sabotaged by all the insidious power of the American Medical Association because some of its officials want control of it. Now: is it a cure, has it been sabotaged, or is it as ineffectual as the AMA declared some years ago? In any case, read the book and find yourself in the midst of the hottest medical imbroglio since the Pharaohs started trepanning.

"Five Pens in Hand" (Doubleday), is a marvelous collection of essays and things by Robert Graves. Sample: in "Legitimate Criticism of Poetry" he proves that Milton (who never numbered his pages) got them mixed up after finishing "L'Allegro," and that the verses have been printed in the wrong order ever since. In a blistering attack on Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper" he constructs a couple of cablegrams which contain the whole sense of the thirty-two-line poem.

After cures for cancer I suppose sex is the next most controversial subject. In "An Unhurried View of Erotica" (Helmsman) Ralph Ginzburg offers a scholarly description of erotic classics in the libraries of the world, with a view to emphasizing the superstition of obscenity. He says, "Mankind now turns away in shame from the graves of the nine million confirmed 'witches' it murdered. And I predict that in one hundred years from now people will look back in equal shame—indeed, if

"How many times have I told you to trim off that ivy!"

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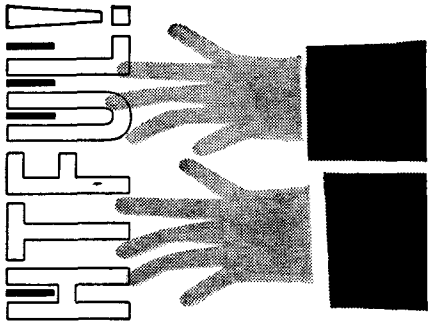
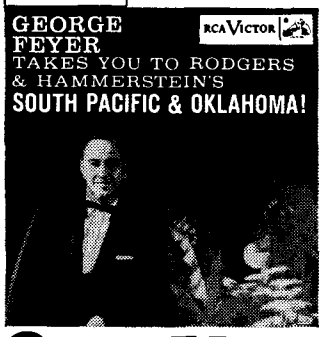
DELIGHTFUL!



The debonair piano style of George Feyer—the lilting melodies of South Pacific and Oklahoma! Together, they make a delightful album. Recorded in New Orthophonic sound. Also available on RCA Victor Living Stereo Records.



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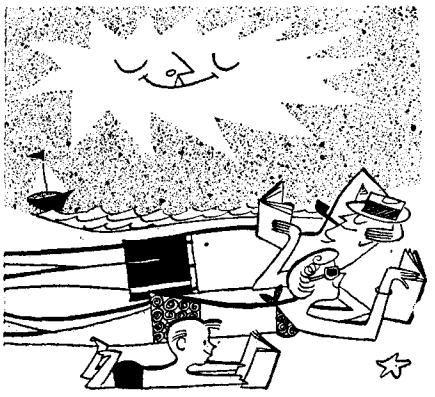

not with side-splitting laughter—at our own recent history wherein the greatest courts of our land have preoccupied themselves with obscenity as a punishable offense." There is an excellent introduction by Theodor Reik. Needless to say, there isn't anything erotic in the book; you'll have to get them to unlock those rooms in the libraries for you.

"Hercules, The Big Greek Story" is a crazy book, a satire on Hollywood by George Kirgo, who has never been there. It's his first book, and he claims that he has suffered more since it was published than while he was writing it, from the remarks put to him by the public. Here are frequent ones:

"You wrote a book? I thought I hadn't seen you around lately."

"How many pages?"

"No kidding—who really wrote it?"

"What's the title mean?"

"I'll get it when it's a pocketbook."

"A satire? Is it funny?"

"You think the movies'll buy it?"

"How come I haven't seen any reviews?"

Regardless of this ordeal, Kirgo is hard at work on another satire. It takes place somewhere between here and the moon, involving a tribe of hostile American Indians and a government lunar experimental base. Is it funny?

SIMON AND SCHUSTER claims to have the best-looking author in Leila Hadley, who went around the world a few years ago, mostly in the company of four or five young men who were sailing their own schooner. Leila wrote a book about it called "Give Me the World." On the first page she says that she eventually married one of th young men, but it isn't until the very last page that you find out which one, and it is a surprise, because I thought all along she was going to marry that other one. As a result of all this, she not only gained a husband but she lost a crew member. One of the young fellows, on reading the book, sued for libel because he felt that some aspersions were cast upon his reputation as a scholar and gentleman. Once again, I guessed wrong. I thought it would be the fellow who was insulted in the book who would have sued, but instead it was the one I considered to have been complimented. Incidentally, the one who was insulted in the book, named George—well, that isn't his real name. Otherwise, he might have called his lawyer, too.

I thought the book should have been sub-titled, "The Girl Stood on the Burning Deck." However, Leila is a lovely writer, and the book is delovely.

"THE CAUTIOUS BACHELOR" was written by a cautious author, Sarel Eimerl. All we can find out is that he is British subject who came to this country nine years ago and was so taken with American women that he has remained—still a bachelor. This amusing book about the adventures he has had with various girls is pretty rough on the female sex. Of course, it is so subtle in that respect that I think the girls will not recognize it. Anyway, it is a very funny book about love.

I AM MAKING a collection of statements which people say doctors say to them. For example, one patient described his symptoms to his physician over the phone, and the reply was: "It sounds to me as though you have what we call pneumonia."

Doris Matthews tells me that a friend of hers took her child to the doctor. He gave the youngster a thorough examination, then sat back and said to the mother, "All I can think of is mumps."

THE ADVERTISING lady, Janet Wolff, was speaking to the Publisher's Ad Club the other day about how to sell books to females. At one point durin her talk, which told of the buying habits and desires of that sex, she said, "As a matter of fact, all women have basic similarities." Some wag in the audience shouted,

"*Vive les similarities!*"

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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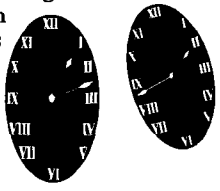

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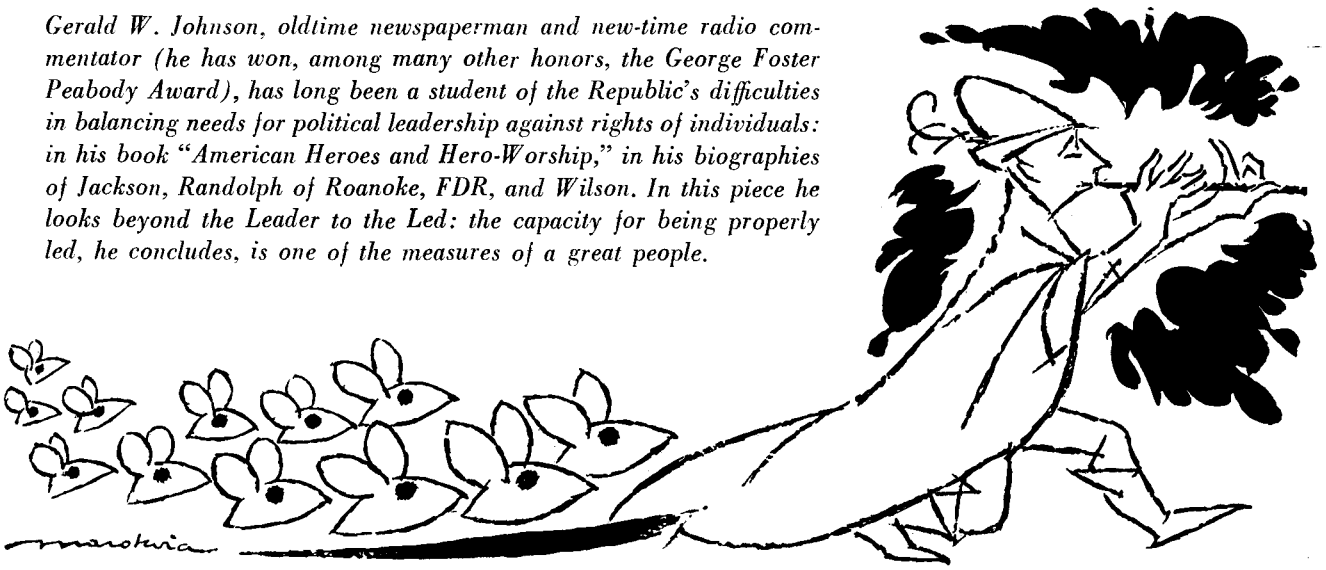
The Saturday Review
JULY 5, 1958

THE USE AND ABUSE OF LEADERSHIP

Gerald W. Johnson, oldtime newspaperman and new-time radio commentator (he has won, among many other honors, the George Foster Peabody Award), has long been a student of the Republic's difficulties in balancing needs for political leadership against rights of individuals: in his book "American Heroes and Hero-Worship," in his biographies of Jackson, Randolph of Roanoke, FDR, and Wilson. In this piece he looks beyond the Leader to the Led: the capacity for being properly led, he concludes, is one of the measures of a great people.



By GERALD W. JOHNSON

ALMOST every human activity these days is described under one pretext or another as "training for leadership." It is the professed aim of schools, colleges, and universities; it is one of the ideals of churches, lodges, and the Boy Scouts; it is a recruiting appeal of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force; it is loudly talked of in connection with every honest line of endeavor, and for aught I know it may be the secret aspiration of the pickpockets' union and the burglars' association. If all our programs of training for leadership succeeded, we should have in this country 160 million leaders, and never a follower.

But what is a leader good for? Obviously, to tell his followers which way to go, and if he has no followers it is clear that he is good for nothing. A leader begins to function only after he has acquired a following; Napoleon without an army is only one small Corsican, of no great significance to anyone; his genius begins to flame as the battalions begin to form, and not before. Hence a man trained magnificently for leadership, but with nobody to lead, or only an undisciplined mob to lead, is a man as completely wasted as would be the top honor graduate of the Johns Hopkins Medical School set down to practise on Robinson Crusoe's isle.

This term "leadership" has been attaining a questionable sanctity because we know that leadership is essential to make democracy work; and since "democracy" is already a blessed word, anything needful to make it operative takes on a share of its unction. Hence it is a trifle disconcerting to reflect that the late Adolf Hitler based his political philosophy on "the leadership principle," and that the unlamented Joseph Stalin applied it with a success that outlasted Hitler. It is even more disconcerting to reflect that democracy, operating at high efficiency, backed Alcibiades in the foolish war against Syracuse that ruined Athens, and set the guillotine working in the Paris of 1793, not to mention more recent crimes committed in its name.

The old lady in the story, who thanked the good Lord daily for the blessed word "Mesopotamia," would have been disconcerted to learn that Mesopotamia means a country of sweltering heat and stagnant water, cursed with pestilence and venomous reptiles; but not more than some of us are when we realize that "leadership" may mean the conduct of the blind by the blind

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straight into the pestiferous ditch.

It is my purpose, therefore, to talk to you—if I may borrow terms from the economists—not of the production, but of the ultimate consumption of leadership. While only a few men exercise it, we all make use of it, and whatever a man uses he can abuse.

The abuse of leadership by leaders is more than merely familiar, it is a large part—Voltaire thought almost all—of political history; but the abuse of leadership by followers is a concept not logically possible until after the emergence of representative democracy, which was never tried on a large scale prior to 1776 and that, on the scale of historical time, is only yesterday. It has been slow to take shape even in the thinking of Americans, and it has not yet achieved any sharp and definite expression, although event after event is forcing it upon our attention.

For more than a century and a half we have been taught, and have accepted the teaching, that the foundation of American political philosophy is stated in these words of the Declaration of Independence: "All men . . . are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights [and] among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

But the teaching is inexact. That is only half the foundation. The other half is not expressed in words, but it was implicit in the thinking of the Founding Fathers. That other half is the law, fundamental to all civilized society, that no man was ever endowed with a right without being at the same time saddled with a corresponding responsibility. To secure the rights, the Declaration goes on to say, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. So far, so good. But to secure discharge of the responsibilities, governments are ineffectual. Only an informed public opinion can exert the necessary force.

We Americans have been slow to recognize this, but we are the only great nation that has recognized it at all. Even our British cousins, accepting democracy in theory, still harbor the notion that leadership is vested in certain genetic strains, preeminently in the House of Windsor, and that the function of democracy is to give intelligent support to this established leadership. The French, repudiating the claims of birth, have, however, not yet succeeded in imposing upon the individual voter any effective sense of responsibility for the acts of his agents. As for the Germans and Italians, American observers are amazed at the completeness with which they dissociate themselves from the activities of Hitler and Mussolini. We incline to charge them with hypocrisy, although they are probably quite sincere.

Our own record in this regard is by no means perfect, but it is at least slightly in advance of others. We do feel that in some measure Senator McCarthy *was* Wisconsin and Senator Eastland *is* Mississippi, and their opponents, at least, are acutely conscious of and embarrassed by it. Criticism of the elected official does reflect upon his constituents, and we consider it right and proper that it should. I believe that tendency is growing stronger; I think—and hope—that we are more inclined each year to take it for granted that a contemptible representative means a contemptible constituency, and to say so in no uncertain terms.

IN THEORY our government is based on a division of powers among three coördinate branches, but in practice it is and it always has been based on Presidential leadership. The legislative and the judiciary check and balance the power of the executive, but the power is there. The initiative is, and was intended to be, in the hands of the President. Congress and the Supreme Court can pull him up, to a certain extent, but they cannot make him go. He must start under his own power.

There are Constitutional theorists who contend that this is all wrong, that it is not what the Fathers intended, but is the result of morally reprehensible usurpations beginning, most of them say, with Jefferson—but if they will examine the record candidly, they will find it beginning with Washington at the time of the Whisky Rebellion.

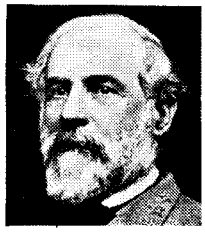
The greatest of these theorists was John C. Calhoun, and he produced an argument that is logically irrefutable. For my part, I am not concerned to refute it. I merely point out that our system is based on Presidential leadership. I can't change it, and you can't change it, any more than Mr. Calhoun could change it. Right, wrong, or indifferent, there it is, and we have to get along with it. To worry about it is as futile as for a brown-eyed man to worry because his eyes are not blue. The system of Presidential leadership is established, and our immediate concern is how to use it and not abuse it.

Hans Morgenthau has recently suggested that the first step toward effective use of leadership is to realize the distinction between private and public morality. Mr. Morgenthau thereby laid himself open to a charge of cynicism which I do not believe is justified, although he invited it by not defining his terms with sufficient sharpness. I cannot believe that the distinguished jurisconsult accepts the theory that morality itself is mutable; I am sure that he regards theft in a grocery-clerk as identical with theft in a Secretary of the Treasury. Both are rogues, and they might properly be cellmates in the same penitentiary.

PORTRAITS OF LEADERSHIPS

". . . We were in that most trying position for soldiers—for regulars even—being fired on without permission to return the shots . . . (Grant) stood leaning complacently against his favorite steed, smoking—as seemed habitual with him—the stump of a cigar. His was the only horse near the line, and must, naturally, have attracted some of the enemy's fire . . . but there he stood—clear, calm, and immovable. I was close enough to see his features. Earnest they were; but sign of inward movement there was none. It was the same cool, calculating face I had seen before . . . the same careful, half-cynical face."

—From S. H. M. Byers's "Some Recollections of Grant" (in "The Web of Victory," by Earl Schenck Miers).



"Lee lifted his hat and raised himself in his stirrups. There was manifest anxiety in his brief answer: 'Texans always move them!' The men nearest him began to cheer; his words were passed down the line; the cheer spread. 'I would charge hell itself for that old man,' cried one courier, with weeping eyes, as he paused between yells . . . (Longstreet) may not have heard the shouts and the cheering from the left when the Texans cried 'Lee to the rear' and swore they would not go forward until 'Marse Robert' went to a place of safety. 'They put General Lee under arrest,' the Texas men later said, 'and sent him to the rear.'"

—From "Lee's Lieutenants" (Vol. 3), by Douglas Southall Freeman.

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But when one turns to consideration not of the quality, but of the consequences of certain acts, there is a difference in their commission by a private citizen and a public official. It is pretty generally agreed that the worst of crimes in private life is the cold-blooded, premeditated slaying of a human being, which we call murder in the first degree. But when it is done by the appropriate public official we call it an execution, and no crime at all.

On the other hand, inability to come to grips with reality is not regarded as criminal in a plain citizen. We regard such people as unfortunate, but not in the least wicked. In extreme cases we may find it necessary to lock them up, but for their own protection, not as punishment. As judged by the consequences, however, a democratic leader can be guilty of no more disastrous fault than inability to understand the realities of the existing situation. There is no personal turpitude involved, and he does not merit punishment for it as a man; but he should be removed from leadership, that is, suffer political execution.

Of course, no man totally deficient in this quality ever becomes a leader. A man totally deficient in his grip on reality is obviously insane. But nearly all of us, including otherwise great men, have a blind spot somewhere. John Adams, for example, was a man of immense intellectual capacity, and for complete honesty I doubt that he was ever matched in American political history unless it was by his own son, John Quincy Adams. But neither of these brave, honorable, and extremely able men could ever quite understand the realities of politics. John Adams allowed his program to be sabotaged by his own Cabinet. John Quincy Adams made the disastrous appointment of Henry Clay as Secretary of State. Both suffered political execution, and the flat truth is that both had it coming.

The case of the second Adams is especially interesting because in that instance reality was, paradoxically, an illusion. Clay was a good Secretary of State, so in that respect the appointment was all right. Most historians are now agreed that there was no prior commitment, no "bargain and corruption." But the reality that Adams could not grasp was that the deal *looked* dishonest, and the leader of a democracy is inevitably judged by appearances because the people have no power to read a man's heart.

The classical example of this error was, however, neither Adams, but the last of the great political theorists referred to earlier, John C. Calhoun. Calhoun was lacking in literary grace; his "Disquisition on Government" is a text so dry and crabbed that it takes a great determination for a student to wade through it. But it is a monumental work in its field, worthy to stand alongside Hobbes, Locke, and "The Federalist." I rejoice that it is being studied today more carefully than ever before, for I am sure our system of government has suffered by its burial for a hundred years.

But it was buried because the author's lack of contact with reality did much to precipitate the worst disaster that has ever befallen the republic, the Civil War that came within a hairs-breadth of destroying the Union. Unlike the Adams pair, Calhoun had a sharply realistic grasp of practical politics. His blind spot was not there. It was a failure to realize that the dynamics of history are not controlled by Aristotelian or any other kind of formal logic.

Calhoun did not believe, probably could not believe, that the world moves in ways that are often unpredictable. His position was that what cannot happen will not happen; and when nevertheless it did happen, he flatly denied that it had occurred. It was not within his power to understand how the world could decide, in all honesty, that the evil of slavery had become intolerable to an extent that sucked the life out of the letter of the Constitution; and he died believing that it was not an honest conviction, but an illusion created by demagogues.

There was not the slightest moral turpitude in this, but the consequences of this honorable man's loss of touch with reality brought us nearer to national ruin than we have been before or since. Our horrified realization of the narrowness of our escape has led us to repudiate everything the man did, even the good things.

LET us turn, then, to the practical significance of this for you and me, that is, for people without ambition to exercise leadership, but who must make use of it, and who hope to make the best possible use.

I begin with an assertion that will startle many and may outrage some, namely, that the widespread lament over the lack of leadership in this country is all nonsense, when it isn't worse. What makes a leader—intelligence, integrity, imagination, skill: in

(*Continued on page* 30)

"On the 15th (Singapore) capitulated. The Prime Minister met the disaster magnificently. In a real crisis, Brooke wrote, he was always at his best and stood all the heavy shocks without flinching. On January 29th he had faced his critics in the House of Commons with a superb fighting speech, demanding a vote of confidence, and had won it by 464 votes to one. 'Provided we all stand together,' he said, 'and provided we throw in the last spasm of our strength, it looks, more than it ever did before, as if we were going to win.' Brooke found him propped on the pillows in his red and gold oriental dressing-gown, his few hairs ruffled on his vast domed head, a cigar sticking out of his mouth, his finished breakfast tray beside him and the bed littered with papers and despatches. 'The red and gold dragon dressing-gown in itself,' Brooke wrote 'was worth going miles to see, and only Winston could have thought of wearing it. He looked rather like some Chinese mandarin.'"

—From "The Turn of the Tide," a narrative based on Viscount Alanbrooke's diaries by Sir Arthur Bryant.

"It was five o'clock when the tea-party began, and the whole court assembled in the Fuehrer's headquarters . . . Ribbentrop and Doenitz raved against the generals because they had betrayed them . . . the generals raved in reply against Ribbentrop and Doenitz. . . . Quite suddenly, some one mentioned that . . . famous 'plot' in Nazi history—the Roehm plot. . . . Immediately Hitler leapt up in a fit of frenzy, with foam on his lips, and shouted that he would be revenged on all traitors. Providence had just shown him once again, he screamed, that he had been chosen to make world history; and he ranted wildly about terrible punishments for women and children,—all of them would be thrown into concentration camps—an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth—none should be spared who set himself against divine Providence. The court fell silent as the Fuehrer raged for a full half-hour; the visitors thought he must be mad,—'I don't know,' said one of them, 'why I didn't go over to the Allies there and then.'"

—From "The Last Days of Hitler," by H. R. Trevor-Roper.

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Skill and Magic

By Granville Hicks

WHAT a short story is is even harder to say than what a novel is. The best E. M. Forster could do for the novel was to borrow Abel Chevalley's definition: "a fiction in prose of a certain extent." A short story, then, is a fiction in prose of less than a certain extent. It may be a simple anecdote or it may be as complicated and as carefully constructed as the most formal kind of novel. It may be full of action or have virtually no action at all. It may seek to do no more than divert the reader, or it may be as rich in meanings as a good poem.

Most of the stories in Geoffrey Household's **"The Brides of Solomon"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75) are diversions, though diversions of a superior sort. Some are slight, and several depend on old-fashioned surprise endings. But they are all well put together and competently written. The lightest are fun to read; the best have a notable degree of insight.

Mr. Household, who is known as the author of a number of novels of suspense, including "Rogue Male" and "Fellow Passenger," devotes himself to the international scene, locating his stories in South America, the Near East, and various portions of Europe. The movements of current history are usually in the background, and he writes with a Kiplingesque authority of men and affairs. "The Case of Valentin Lecormier," for instance, seems based on an intimate knowledge of the people of the Near East and a remarkable insight into the mind of an old French soldier. The title story is as knowledgeable about a tribe of Peruvian Indians.

These two stories, which are the most substantial in the book, are as neatly shaped as some of the slight contrivances. Mr. Household is always a craftsman, and he is a versatile one. He can be funny, as in "The Greeks Had No Word for It," or touching, as in "Children's Crusade," but he always knows what he is doing and how he wants to go about doing it. If there is not much more in the stories than meets the eye, their lucidity makes for pleasant reading.

But one has only to read the first paragraph of the first story, the title story, in Anthony C. West's **"River's End"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.50) to realize that one has moved to an entirely different literary level: "As scales on a golden basking fish the sun laid his light across the waste of bog that rimmed the horizon with a plain of leathery shimmering brown. Gravid with heat a beech drowsed by the schoolhouse window, green-glossy and replete. Fullness was the day's destiny and summer's redolent fullness lay upon the land asleep in warmth. And so it would sleep until the birds held evensong and cooling twilight uncurled a breeze to set the leaves whispering, dancing into summer's night."

Mr. West is a not so young man—born in 1910—who has only recently turned to writing. A native of Ireland, now living on a farm in Wales, after having lived in the United States and Canada, and after having been a navigator in the RAF, he has had a varied life, and somehow in the course of it a great talent has matured.

The prose in the paragraph quoted is not merely rich and precise; one hears in it a new voice. West is capable of feeling what Stephen Muir, the hero of this and other stories, feels—exaltation in the experience of natural beauty. Living in a narrowly sectarian community, Stephen is a pagan, "his love for river, rockscape, marsh and hawk's spiral heathen leanings far beyond the parish Decalogue." His pure joy, which blends with and transcends and sanctifies the beginnings of sexual passion, is communicated in passage after passage of magnificent writing.

Yet the theme of the story, which has its own deep irony, is the loss of innocence. The schoolteacher who tries to save Stephen from what she sees as lechery, only to yield for a moment to passions she has long repressed, embodies the corruption from which he cannot indefinitely escape. As the drama plays itself out, with West beautifully rendering her emotions as well as his, we feel the inevitability of his defeat. It is her death, for which he feels guilt, that fastens upon him his sense of loss, but a glory has already gone from his world.

The loss of innocence is central in all five of the stories of adolescence, three of which deal with Stephen Muir, two with an "I." Perhaps the best of all, because it is so economical as well as so powerful, is "Not Isaac." Stephen, plagued by his father's hired men because he is soft about killing animals, undertakes to butcher the Christmas wether. He does, and the reader lives through every instant of the agony with him, so that when he is tempted to turn the knife against his tormentors, the reader almost hopes that he will. He restrains himself, of course, but not without making a gesture of defiance, for, though he is now praised, and is now accepted as a man, he knows the cost.

The other three stories portray the damned. "The Monocrats" is a straightforward story, full of violence, of a mean man who gets his deserts. "No Fatted Calf" tells of a prodigal's return on Christmas Eve, Adam Finney, who "never could resist a card . . . or a drink or a broad." It begins realistically and grows slowly into wild and gruesome fantasy—the mad visions, as we eventually realize, of poor drunken Adam, dying in the snow.

But the strangest of the stories of the damned, the one that suggests how many strings West may have to his bow, is "The Upper Room." The story is set in a New York bar at Easter time, and in the course of the action there is a long parade of degenerate and desperate characters. But in his account of this terrifying "sewer existence" the narrator never forgets "that this vernal point in the world's spiral had a holiness, whether from God Himself or hallowed by the continual rites of men." The Easter story is repeatedly echoed, and in the end there is the hope of redemption for the narrator, but he and we have been in hell, and we know it.

A great gift of language always seems like a kind of magic, and indeed it is. Mr. West's use of words is not merely wonderfully fresh; it is wonderfully exact. He is obviously a writer with a mind, and, boldly as he thrusts out towards the very limits of what language can do, his control rarely falters. His material is the emotions, and the skill with which he can render them is matched by the subtlety with which he understands them. Take, for instance, so apparently simple a story of innocence lost as "The Turning Page," and see how much is discovered in so ordinary a matter as a boy's interest in a clutch of duck's eggs. To see so much where another would see so little, and to render it all faithfully is a major achievement.

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USA

Record of a Political Infighter

***"Inside the Democratic Party," by Jack Redding** (Bobbs-Merrill. 319 pp. $4.50), is a behind-the-scenes account of the campaign which culminated in Harry S Truman's surprising victory in 1948, by the publicity director of the Democratic National Committee 1947-50. The reviewer, Ernest K. Lindley, director of* Newsweek's *Washington bureau, has covered national elections for over thirty years.*

By Ernest K. Lindley

THIS is primarily a first-hand account of what the Democratic National Committee did to elect Harry S Truman in 1948. It is admirably candid, most readable, packed with intimate detail. Mr. Redding gives Mr. Truman, whom he admires unstintingly, full credit for delivering the knock-out blow in that astonishing campaign. As publicity director of the Democratic National Committee, his own activities were chiefly in the nature of what he calls "infighting." As he rightly notes, "it may be in the infighting that the damage is done that allows the clean-cut knockout blow to be delivered right out in plain sight of all."

Some of Mr. Redding's improvisations as an infighter were, to say the least, ingenious. A film on Thomas E. Dewey, produced at the expense of the Republican National Committee, was to be shown in moving picture theatres throughout the country shortly before the election. The Democratic National Committee had no funds to match this Republican production. Mr. Redding hinted in the right places that labor unions would picket the movie houses unless a similar film about Truman was made and as widely distributed. He had no idea whether he could make good on this threat, even in the larger cities. But the leading movie producers decided to make a Truman film at their own expense.

Also at their own expense they ran off 2,000 prints—as against the 900 prints of the Dewey film in circulation. The Truman film was a good one. Mr. Redding notes, with understandable satisfaction: "Thus, during the last six days of the campaign no one could go to the movies anywhere in the United States without seeing the story of the President. It was probably the most important and successful publicity break in the entire campaign."

The Democratic National Committee was chronically short of money, despite Louis Johnson's heroic fund-raising efforts—for which he was rewarded with the Secretaryship of Defense. At Oklahoma City there wasn't enough money left to move the Truman campaign train to the next stop until Governor Turner and a few others passed the hat. The major radio chains were demanding cash in advance. The money for one of the most important Democratic broadcasts arrived only a few minutes before the deadline—in cash collected hurriedly from Greek restaurant owners in New York.

One of the chief reasons for Mr. Truman's victory was his phenomenal appeal to foreign-born voters. He outran Roosevelt in most of the foreign-language groups and even carried German-American wards which had gone Republican in the two preceding Presidential elections. Basically responsible for this was his role as the opponent of Communist imperialism, as exemplified by the Truman Doctrine and aid to Greece and Turkey, the Marshall Plan, and his response to the Berlin blockade. Mr. Redding's account of the methods used by the Democratic National Committee in mobilizing the support of foreign-language voters is extremely valuable to the student of practical politics. He gives special credit to Michel Cieplinski, an anti-Nazi Pole who escaped to this country early in the Second World War.

—Eliot Elisofon.

Harry S Truman—"when the [National Committee] coined such words as . . . 'taftwits' [he] personally called a halt."

The central strategy of the Democratic National Committee for early 1947 and early 1948 was laid out by Robert E. Hannegan, retiring chairman. It was to hammer Taft and the Republican Congressional program. Hannegan expected Dewey to be nominated but wanted him to have to run on Taft's record. Oddly—this was a minority view among Democratic politicians—he thought Taft would be a more formidable opponent simply because he was a fighter. It was *Capital Comment*, organ of the Democratic National Committee, which first called the Republican-controlled Eightieth Congress the "Do-Nothing Congress." Mr. Redding and his sharp-penned associate, Sam Brightman, enjoyed needling Taft. But when they coined such words as "tafters" and "taftwits," President Truman personally called a halt, telling Redding that a man of Taft's integrity should not be ridiculed. As the national conventions grew near, the deepest fear at the Democratic National Committee was that the Republican nominee would be neither Dewey nor Taft—nor even Stassen—but Senator Arthur H. Vandenburg. Vandenburg would have accepted if nominated but, fortunately for the Democrats, the Republicans were not astute enough to draft him.

As Mr. Redding wisely observes, political infighting is often very confused and some of the most effective blows are almost accidental. Probably the most important accident in the 1948 campaign was the biggest corn crop in history. Unable to find storage, farmers had to sell millions of bushels of corn, wheat, barley, and oats below support prices. Late in the campaign James M. Cox, the newspaper publisher who had been the Democratic Presidential nominee in 1920, discovered something which the Democratic National Committee, President Truman's White House staff, and everyone else had overlooked: that in rewriting the charter of the Commodity Credit Corporation the Republicans had banned this agency

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from expanding its grain-storage space. This made a major political issue. It was the last-hour defection of Republican farmers which upset the polls and forecasts.

There was a large slice of chance in Mr. Redding's own role in the Democratic victory of 1948. A seasoned Chicago newspaperman, he was an Air Force public-relations officer during the Second World War. As spokesman for the Allied Command in Berlin during the Potsdam Conference, he got acquainted with President Truman and his press secretary, Charles G. Ross. Soon afterward he spent six months in Washington as assistant to Stuart Symington, then Surplus Property Administrator. He was back in private life as a free-lance writer when President Truman proposed aid to Greece and Turkey. He came to Washington to offer his services in the front-line struggle against Communist imperialism, preferably in Greece. He still thought this was the work he was being considered for when he had a personal visit with the President. He was thunderstruck when Ross told him that he was to be the new publicity director of the Democratic National Committee. This assignment, in the light of what the resourceful and indomitable Redding did to the Republicans, was a lucky break for the Russians.

The Larger Forces of Learning

"Human Resources: The Wealth of a Nation," by Eli Ginzberg *(Simon & Schuster. 183 pp. $3.95), is an inquiry into the strengths and weaknesses of American education, industry, and society itself. Our reviewer, C. E. Ayres, is a professor of economics at the University of Texas.*

By C. E. Ayres

IT'S A pleasure to read a book by an author who is fully cognizant of the defects and deficiencies of American education and can discuss them without hysteria. Granted that our educational system is disastrously weak, and that its pivotal weakness is at the secondary level. It's still worth noting that a major cause of this weakness, on the side of the teachers as well as of the students, is motivational.

Moreover, decisive motives are by no means altogether financial. We need to pay our teachers more. But the need to anticipate future necessities is even greater. When I began the study of high-school algebra, who could have dreamed that a command of higher mathematics would ever be an industrial asset? Or chemistry? Or physics? In my day the weakest teacher in the school taught chemistry and physics, and all the athletes took his courses, since he was also their coach and principal patron. But, as Mr. Ginzberg reminds us, in that day except for a few basic products such as sulphuric acid there was no American chemical industry; and even up to the inception of the Manhattan Project there was virtually no industrial demand for physicists. In short, our problem, now as always, is to make and keep our educational system responsive to our present and, if possible, our future needs.

But the concern of the present book is by no means limited to education. The author quotes John Maurice Clark, in my opinion the wisest economist now living, to the effect that no more important question can be raised about the industrial system than what it does to the men and women who operate it. Here, too, Mr. Ginzberg can face facts without flinching. In the main what it does is to the good. Mr. Ginzberg is not one of those sentimentalists who charge modern industry with "alienating" the worker from pride of craft and who seem to imagine that the life of the medieval serf and the ancient slave was one of undiluted joy. However, in spite of all our progress, it is still a fact that, as Mr. Ginzberg reminds us in his opening sentence, "During World War II almost two million young Americans of draft age were rejected for military service because of a mental or emotional defect, and another three-quarters of a million were discharged from the Armed Forces for these same reasons while the war was still under way."

It was this revelation that prompted General Eisenhower, soon after he became president of Columbia University, to set up the Conservation of Human Resources Project. The present book is one of the fruits of that project, of which Mr. Ginzberg has been director from its inception in 1950 to the present time. The Human Resources Project has issued a number of studies of special prob-

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE EGOIST. *By George Meredith. Edited by Lionel Stevenson. Houghton Mifflin.* $1.05. The besetting sin of self-love is deftly dealt with in this comic novel (1879) about the high-minded Clara and self-absorbed Sir Willoughby Patterne.

THE ANCHOR BOOK OF STORIES. *Selected by Randall Jarrell. Anchor.* $1.25. This various and original anthology encompasses Chinese parables, narrative poems (Frost, Brecht, Blake), as well as more traditional pieces from old stalwarts (Chekhov, O'Connor), which all goes to show that the short-story form is many things to many men.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. *Anchor.* $1.25. To the tune of poetry and politics, Yeats reminisces handsomely about his sprightly days in modern Ireland.

THE EXURBANITES. *By A. C. Spectorsky. Berkley.* 50¢. A witty, sociologic, and vastly entertaining guidebook to that frenetic Land Beyond the Suburbs, where Organization Men in Gray Flannel Suits subsist on martinis and tranquilizers.

A TREASURY OF YIDDISH STORIES. *Edited by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg. Meridian.* $1.95. A real treasury —aglitter with Aleichem, Singer, Peretz gems—rates far above the tears-and-laughter genre. An excellent introduction, extensive biographical notes, and delightful Ben Shahn illustrations enhance its appeal.

BRITISH ECONOMIC FOLICY SINCE THE WAR. *By Andrew Shonfield. Penguin.* 85¢. The economic editor of the *Observer* scans the financial horizon and finds dark clouds over Britain's economic security. He tells why and offers pertinent suggestions.

RELIGIOUS DRAMA 2. *Selected by E. Martin Browne. Living Age.* $1.45. Plays of Good and Evil including the sonorous "Everyman" in a collection of medieval mystery dramas.

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lems in its field on which the present volume draws. But this book began as a series of lectures which Mr. Ginzberg delivered on the Berkeley campus of the University of California in April, 1957. Thus its concern is with the inadequate performance of large numbers of young Americans, the superior performance of the talented minority, and the effect upon both of what Veblen used to call "larger forces moving obscurely in the background."

These are vast problems, and Mr. Ginzberg is fortunate in being able to bring to them a breadth of understanding that is unusual in this age of specialization. Perhaps he has caught something of the spirit of his patron saint. Many years ago Mr. Ginzberg wrote a book entitled "The House of Adam Smith," in which he pointed out that in the Founder's house there are many mansions. He has not forgotten old Adam. On the contrary, the opening chapter of "Human Resources" quotes "The Wealth of Nations" repeatedly and at length by way of reminding us that our problems are not altogether without precedent and that the present generation has no monopoly of wisdom. We can even guess that the subtitle of the present book is a bow in the direction of the Old Master.

Why are so many Americans illiterate or otherwise inept? What constitutes superiority? The search for answers to such questions inevitably breaks through all disciplinary fences. It isn't only stupid children who find the present educational system intolerably confining. All sorts of circumstances of family life and of social environment generally may condition the attitudes of children toward school routine. The child who leaves school under his own steam may do so by reason of superior initiative. Superiority, like gold, is where you find it. Mr. Ginzberg tells the story of a girl with an IQ of 140 whom school authorities were trying to push into shorthand and typing because they had been reproached for the incompetency of their business graduates.

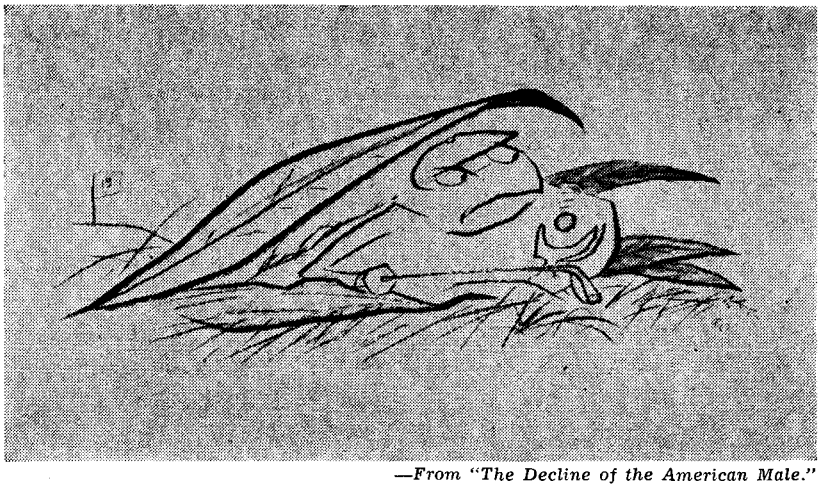
MOREOVER, high native endowment, excellent training, and exemplary determination to succeed do not necessarily spell success. In many areas of endeavor the number of top positions is predetermined, so that, as Mr. Ginzberg says, "A man must be lucky to have a chance to compete for one of them, and even luckier to win." To motivate a whole community the lottery of life must offer something more than one top prize, and this means that society must be so organized that every member of it may reasonably expect to improve his lot and that of his children. That has been true of Western society, and especially of the United States, during the period of industrial expansion. Will it continue to be true? Mr. Ginzberg makes it very clear that the answer to such a question involves the whole structure and ethos of American society.

No one book could possibly encompass such an inquiry, certainly not so slender a volume as the present one. Naturally, Mr. Ginzberg is more fully aware of his limitations than any reader is likely to be. Indeed, it is the principal merit of his book that it makes no pretense of giving definitive answers to the questions it raises. What it does do is to leave the reader with a clear and vivid sense of the magnitude and importance of the questions which, as a community, it will be our responsibility to answer.

"He confided to me that he wished Mother was around. His young bride had no idea how to fix his pillows."

—*From "All About Men."*

"When the boy begins dating, a whole new set of problems arises."



—*From "The Decline of the American Male."*

"A large portion of business is transacted 'in hiding' on the golf course!"

HOW TO BE A MAN in a woman-dominated age is the subject of two tart and timely books. **"All About Men"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.50) is one long chat with a salty-tongued Utah doctor, Joseph H. Peck. In his handy manual to a rewarding lifetime, Dr. Peck discourses in homespun fashion on how to pick a mate, how to live with her (do wipe dishes, but don't wash them), how to live with yourself after retirement. **"The Decline of the American Male"** (Random House, $2.95), written by *Look* editors with Robert Osborn's spry illustrations, is filled with observations more sociologic than cracker-barrel. Our society, it seems, is run by the ladies, which tends to wreck the masculine psyche. The harried males seek refuge in commuters' bar cars, televised baseball games, and in Junior's Little League gambols. The outlook for American males, say the authors, is dour, unless they grow up and cut those apron strings.

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The Curiosity of Fra Felix

"Once to Sinai," by H. F. M. Prescott *(Macmillan. 310 pp. $5), a sequel to "Jerusalem Journey," is a fictionalized account of a hearty fifteenth-century, Swiss-born monk from Ulm, who undertakes an arduous pilgrimage to the holy mountain.*

By Thomas C. Chubb

BY NOW the increasing number of those who read with delight anything that comes from Hilda Prescott's gifted pen must be aware that all of her books have a single theme. They deal with a quest, and usually it is a spiritual one.

Her "Mary Tudor," for example, was about the distracted efforts of a sincere, if poisoned woman to restore and compel her nation to accept the faith she believed to be the only true one. "The Man on a Donkey" about the Pilgrimage of Grace and Catholic resistance to Henry VIII was more complex, but it too dealt with keeping the faith. "The Unhurrying Chase" and that moving new Tristam and Iseult story, "Man of Dust," were more concerned with the interior and the individual, but they also dealt with man and his relationship with what he deemed to be the will of the Almighty.

For that reason it should surprise no one to discover that Miss Prescott's new book, "Once to Sinai," is about a quest too. But this time, the quest is literal, not figurative, and oddly enough—since it deals with what might be called a Christian *hegira*—this time the paramount interest is far from spiritual.

Instead, it is the world itself, and what the Lord saw fit to put in it. The protagonist is Fra Felix Fabbri, a Swiss-born Dominican monk of Ulm, Germany, who crowns his "Jerusalem journey," earlier described by Miss Prescott in a book of that name, by going on to Mt. Sinai, a pilgrimage so difficult that "few added it to the catalogue of Holy Places; none of these few went more than once."

But it is not Mt. Sinai that gives the book its interest, nor is it the awe that Fra Felix felt when he stood upon the very spot where God gave Moses the Ten Commandments and the Jewish law. It is rather the lively descriptions of the trip itself. It is the vivid and realistic reconstruction of donkey and camel passage across the sun-split Sinai desert and of the storm-tossed winter voyage (upon vessels of the Venetian spice fleet) from the Nile to the Adriatic. It is the noise and excitement—dirt and luxury—of fifteenth-century Cairo and Alexandria; the bustle and splendor of Venice, and the life and activity of the German merchants there.

It is the shrewd characterizations—this a "Canterbury Tales" not a hagiography—of the jovial friar's companions and the people he met on desert, sea, and city, ranging as the latter did from loyal Arabs like their ancient *callinus*, Elphahallo, to swindling dragomans, governors, and customs officials. Last of all, it is the friar himself, who loved food and drink and his fellow men.

What Fra Felix loved, and what he hated, he observed with a more seein eye than any visitor to the Middle East before Charles M. Doughty and Lawrence of Arabia. What he observed he recorded. And out of what he recorded—with only an occasional assist from two other members of the pilgrimage and such medieval travelers as Pero Tafur and Niccolò de' Conti—Miss Prescott has not merely constructed a delightful travel book and a vivid portrait of the Middle Ages, but an exposition of the fact that even in those days men moved about the world with curious eyes, and that as they moved they came to understand one another.

And so perhaps the quest was spiritual, after all.

Search for Human Warmth

"The Gingerbread Man," by Ellen Ferber *(Doubleday. 311 pp. $3.95), a redress of the old nursery tale in modern garb, tells of a young man who rushes past all relationships only to be caught in an unfortunate marriage.*

By E. P. Monroe

ANYONE combing a book of nursery tales in search of a theme for a novel might do worse than to latch on to the fable of "The Gingerbread Man" who ran away, it will be remembered, not only from the little old lady who baked him, and her husband, the little old man, but from everyone else he met as well. In the same way, anyone combing a fiction list in search of something to read might do worse than to pick "The Gingerbread Man," a first novel by Ellen Ferber, which is an updating of this same fable with some Freudian-type embellishments thrown in.

Mrs. Ferber's gingerbread man is Lester Porter Lacey, Junior or "Port," as he prefers to be known, and he manages to run away from a succession of characters who might well have stopped his dough-faced predecessor. There is, for example, his mother, Eunice Lacey, a domineering and selfish woman who falsifies her own purposes. When she found out that she was carrying Port she tried unsuccessfully to convince the doctors that she was too old to bear a child. Port's father, Lester ("a tiny man, scarcely five feet tal' with a head designed for some larger body and childishly short legs"), was completely at the mercy of his wife —who only married him, it seems, to keep from being a spinster. Completely devoid of human warmth, Port's childhood in Schuyler, New York, where his father owned a woolen mill, consisted of such things as "Scott's Emulsion," "rubbers on damp days," and "admonitions concerning cleanliness behind the ears." Not until he was six did he get his first brief glimpse of love and understanding from an Irish servant-girl, who was promptly fired by his mother for letting him play with the grocer's children down the street. It is at this point that Port begins, like the gingerbread man, to run away from life. Feeling that "he must be grown to deserve love," he builds a protective coat of armor about his emotions. When the armor is threatened, he runs away.

In terms of psychology, one supposes, he is really running away from himself. At any rate, Port's state of being, which could easily become tiresome, is movingly sustained by the author through the experiences of boarding school, college, a brief period at law school (where Port expresses his frustration at not being able to love the girl who loves him by getting into a fight with a cop, the Army, and,

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finally, Port's return to Schuyler to take over the reins of his father's mill.

As even the gingerbread man eventually becomes tired of running, however, so does Port. In the case of the fable, the hero pauses when he comes to a wide and beautiful river. On the other side of the river are all the things that presumably will make a gingerbread man happy. Accordingly, in order to get across, he naïvely succumbs to the blandishments of a fox who, of course, knows a well-baked cooky when he sees one. In Port's case, the fox is a woman named Theresa Coppella. Theresa comes from the wrong side of the tracks, but she has managed to work herself up to the right side and firmly intends to stay there. To the horror of his one good friend, a newspaperman and mystery writer named Red Parnell, who is familiar with human nature if not the original fable, Port, in a fit of weariness, marries Theresa only to find, when he later meets Red's sister, Fran, that he has made a dreadful mistake.

And this, unfortunately, is the point where—along with her hero—the author loses out. For the relationship between Fran and Port seems to stem more from Mrs. Ferber's desire to make the plot fit the fable than from the characters themselves. The result is a sort of rush to the finish line which leaves the reader breathlessly wondering whether the hero will ever make it in time. This is, of course, the danger of any fiction which adheres too rigidly to a prefabricated plot.

If the reader is willing to overlook this, however, he should find some rewarding moments in Mrs. Ferber's otherwise generally deft handling of this familiar old nursery tale. It should also be said, I suppose, for those who demand this sort of thing, that, for a lady author, Mrs. Ferber is not in the least reticent when it comes to describing Port's amatory adventures. But if she tends to delight somewhat in being graphic, it's all to the point, for gingerbread men do make strange bedfellows.

Doing What Comes Natchelly

"Oooh, What You Said!," by Arthur Kober *(Simon & Schuster. 184 pp. $3.50), is a collection of short stories and sketches about the particular worlds of the Bronx and Hollywood, USA. It is reviewed by Arthur Marx, author of "Life with Groucho" and "Not as a Crocodile."*

By Arthur Marx

ARTHUR KOBER is not known as "the pulsing voice of an untamed Bronx" for nothing.

For a good many years now—in fact, almost as many years as Paddy Chayefsky is old—Mr. Kober has been turning out fictional stories about the so-called "little people" of the Bronx and Manhattan, with a great deal of warmth, compassion, gentle good humor, and skill. In so doing he has generally chosen to let his people tell their stories in their own Bronxian vernacular, letting the mangled English fall where it may.

Mr. Kober does not stray from this formula—if it can be called a formula at all—in the nineteen short stories and vignettes just published under one cover bearing the title "Oooh, What You Said!" The result is a book that will probably delight most dyed-in-the-wool Kober fans. How it will appeal to other readers will depend largely on whether or not they care for Bronx-flavored stories at all, and if they do, whether they care to read an entire book of them.

This is not to detract from the quality of the individual stories. As separate pieces, which they originally were—all but two in this collection were previously published in *The New Yorker*, and at least one as long ago as 1940—most of them hold up rather well, and, in some instances, are highly amusing. But collectively there is such a similarity of mood and content to these stories that they are apt to become a trifle tiresome when taken in one large dose, in spite of the author's remarkable gift for capturing the manners of speech of the people who inhabit his favorite borough.

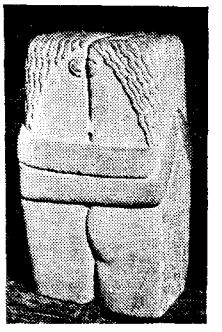
"Oooh, What You Said!" is divided into three parts: "The Busy Wire," "The Hollywood Flesh-Peddler," and "All Around the Town." "The Busy Wire" consists of four stories told by one party (natchelly a woman) to another party (just as natchelly a woman) over the telephone. In this group the one about the engaged girl whose "intendit" spends more time playing chess with her father than romancing her is particularly good.

THE stories in "All Around the Town," with the exception of "Poor Goldie," are more on the order of vignettes. "Poor Goldie" is a fine short story about a 200-pound housewife who would rather believe that her husband has left her for a younger, prettier woman than face the reality that he moved out simply because she's a glutton and refuses to go on a diet. It's not high comedy—in fact, it's rather heartbreaking, as are several other stories in this collection—but it's a superb example of Mr. Kober's determination to be honest as well as comical—which is the true test of a first-class humorist.

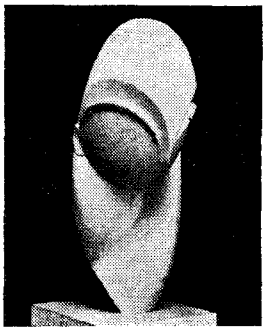
Only in the tales of Benny Greenspan, the Hollywood Flesh-Peddler, does the author tend to get away from the basic underlying realism of his other work and rely more on caricature for his laughs. Benny Greenspan was the subject of a whole book by Mr. Kober some years back. In the

THE ULTIMATE SERENITY that Brancusi achieved in his own long and ascetic lifetime of self-imposed isolation is reflected in the cool beauty of his sculptures. Whether he worked with stone, metals, or wood, his style, neither totally representational nor wholly abstract, was unique. David Lewis's **"Constantin Brancusi"** (Wittenborn, $3.50) reveals the sculptor's unwavering artistic vision that infused his forms with a concentrated and rhythmic tranquillity.

"Ancient Figure."



"The Kiss."



"Mademoiselle Pogany."

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six stories about him in this volume he is still a hilarious individual at times, getting into all kinds of scrapes on the Hollywood scene with, among others, a temperamental actor, a chimpanzee client, and a "Southern-type" author.

But humorous as they sometimes are, these stories, as told by Greenspan in his own inimitable fractured English, rarely have the ring of truth to them. Perhaps this is because Benny Greenspan, as the prototype of the small, independent, poorly educated agent who used to infest Hollywood, strikes me as being a bit of an anachronism in the Hollywood of today. Even the minor fact that he refers to himself as a "flesh-peddler" is somewhat dated. Today's agents call themselves "Artists Representatives."

Granted, Mr. Kober first gave birth to this character in the days when there were a number of real-life Benny Greenspans on the scene. Also granted, there are still a handful of them around today. But they are dwindling in importance as well as in number. Show business nowadays is dominated, for the most part, by not more than five or six extremely powerful theatrical agencies whose employees wear Brooks Brothers suits, handle two- and three-syllable words with the ease and polish of a Rhodes scholar, dictate to movie studios what stars they can have, and maneuver their clients around, sometimes playing one against another, with poise, intelligence, and a good deal of well-thought-out ruthlessness.

Compared with these cold-blooded

(Continued on page 29)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 784

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 784 will be found in the next issue.

CUUO LFRJXRJC RK ARSD

CUUO EUUSRJC: RX EFJ

ND XFKXDO, NYX JUX

DZLAFRJDO.

TFYWRED MAFTRJES.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 783

Bore: A person who talks when you wish him to listen.

—Amerose Bierce.

HISTORY

—*Culver.*

Retreat of the Grand Army from Russia—". . . [they] drifted along . . . like phantoms in the empire of death."

Moscow Was Their Ruin

"Napoleon's Russian Campaign," by Philippe Paul de Ségur *(translated by J. David Townsend; Houghton Mifflin. 306 pp. $5), is an account by Napoleon's aide-de-camp of the disastrous invasion of Russia. It is reviewed by Leo Gershoy, professor of history at New York University and the author of "The French Revolution and Napoleon," "From Despotism to Revolution: 1763-1789," and other books.*

By Leo Gershoy

ON June 23, 1812, 480,000 men, gathered from all the states under Napoleonic control, began the crossing of the Niemen at Kovno to crush Alexander of Russia, who had dared to challenge the Emperor of the French. Six companies of engineers moved with the Grand Army; also "one siege train, several thousand wagons of provisions, innumerable droves of cattle, one thousand three hundred and seventy-two pieces of cannon, and thousands of artillery and hospital wagons." On December 13 of that same year Marshal Ney emerged from the icy plains of Lithuanian Russia. He had under his command "one thousand foot soldiers still armed, nine cannon, and twenty thousand beings clothed in rags."

The dreadful disaster of those months of horror is the story that the Count de Ségur, aide-de-camp of Napoleon, told in his memorable *"Histoire de Napoleon et de la Grande Armée pendant l'année 1812."* The earlier translations of that famous work of 1824 have long been out of print. It is now made available again to English readers in a fresh translation from the pen of J. David Townsend. Working from the slightly modified French reprint of 1873, which he has further abridged in the interests of clarity, the translator has kept intact both the letter and the mood of the famous classic, retaining its cadenced and slightly old-fashioned rhythm and the uncomplaining, calm, and honest judgments of the author.

For Ségur the great heroes of this tragedy are the anonymous thousands of men who drew, nearly all of them in vain, upon the last reserves of physical courage and moral strength to sustain them during the horrors they experienced. Not that he does not also show them at the lowest depths of cruelty, exhausted indifference, and inhumanity. Among the individual leaders it is Ney above all others whom he admires for his almost incredible and superhuman courage; but he is just toward them all, including Barclay and Rostopchin on the Russian side.

And for Napoleon himself, Ségur keeps the major portion of his great pity and compassion. The Napoleon of his pages is an agonized man, bearing the triple weight of infinite fatigue, fever, and the pains of that exhausting ailment, diuresis, which sapped his strength. His account reveals a man obsessed by fixed ideas, yet incapable of action to realize them, a supreme commander torn by indecision.

EARLY in the wretched advance he became aware of the difficulties ahead, but Moscow lured him on. After imploring him to halt, Murat exploded in wrath, "He couldn't see anything but Moscow. Honor, glory, rest—everything was there for him. This Moscow is going to be our ruin." Ruin it was, if it had not already come at the frightful carnage of Borodino;

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at the battle that he had so long sought, he sat immobile all day on a small hill, "apathetic, hardly able to speak above a whisper, dragging his feet like an old man," refusing to engage the Guard and answering all appeals with "I want to see my chessboard more clearly."

His troops drifted along in their ghastly retreat, like phantoms in the empire of death, and finally Napoleon's indecision ended. Despair replaced it, and to Murat, who would encourage him with his usual braggadocio, he cried out, "I've had my fill of heroics. The time has come to turn all our thoughts to saving the remains of the army." And in that, too, he failed.

The Republic and the Romanovs

"Czars and Presidents: The Story of a Forgotten Friendship," by Alexandre Tarsaïdze *(McDowell, Obolensky. 383 pp. $6.50), is a recapitulation of the ups and downs of Russian-American relations from Dana's abortive attempt in 1780 to win recognition by Catherine the Great to the downfall of the Romanov dynasty in March, 1917. Our reviewer, Philip E. Mosely, is the author of "Russian Diplomacy and the Opening of the Eastern Question in 1838 and 1839" and "Russia After Stalin."*

By Philip E. Mosely

A WORK of love by an adopted American of Russian background, "Czars and Presidents" weaves a vivid if necessarily episodic history of the relations between the burgeoning American Republic and the more sophisticated empire of the czars. It leads off with Francis Dana's failure to win Catherine's recognition of the Continental Congress. Then comes John Paul Jones's rivalry with Prince Potemkin over Russian naval strategy in the Black Sea and perhaps for Catherine's favor. Variously amusing or solemn characters make their appearances as ministers in Washington and St. Petersburg, with special emphasis on the eccentric or scandalous among them.

A serious observer of Russian life and politics like Andrew D. White, first president of Cornell University, or Eugene Schuyler, author of a still valuable account of the Russian conquest of Central Asia, rates only a passing mention, while Samuel N. Harper, who, from 1904, devoted his life to the study of Russia's changing politics and to building closer ties between Russian and American liberals, has been overlooked completely. On the other hand, we find here a full account of the squabbles, personal and diplomatic, over an obscure consul who ran afoul of American laws through pressing his amorous attentions unwisely upon a servant girl of twelve.

IN 1863 the government of Alexander II unexpectedly stationed two fleets at New York and San Francisco, at the height of a crisis with France and Britain over the suppression of the Polish revolution. While Russia's purpose in this dramatic move was, in case of war, to launch a privateering campaign against British shipping and colonies, this step, at once interpreted by Northern opinion as a gesture of support, touched off a strong wave of gratitude on the Union side. While the author overrates the risk of war, which had considerably receded by mid-1863, between the North and England, he gives a vivid picture of the pro-

Russian enthusiasm and of the parades, receptions, and balls in which that feeling found expression.

Some of the best parts of this well-told tale describe the Russian exploration and annexation of Alaska and the comi-tragic attempts to establish a toehold at Fort Ross, in Northern California. The Crimean War and the Polish crisis made St. Petersburg even more aware of the risk of losing Alaska to Britain in any new period of tension. The disengagement of Russia from its expensive and precarious possession was finally carried out in a swift and secret negotiation, in which Baron Stoeckl resorted to lavish bribing of key members of Congress in order to clinch the deal. The Russian leaders were better aware than the American Senate of the potential wealth of Alaska, and it is amusing to recall the close margin by which the decision was finally taken.

Admiral Perry's expedition to open Japan to diplomatic and commercial intercourse had its Russian counterpart in the almost simultaneous Putiatin mission, with similar results. Theodore Roosevelt's mediation and the role of American bankers in ending the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905 naturally finds a place in the narrative. Much more could have been said of the growing impact on America of Russian literature and drama, music and ballet, in the decade before 1914. A fascinating story remains to be told some day, that of the Russian inventors and engineers, ballerinas and musicians, novelists and actors, who came to America after the great upheaval of 1917.

MR. TARSAÏDZE'S comparisons of Russian and American outlooks are often well taken. Sometimes, however, he seems better informed about American than Russian problems, as, for example, when he lumps together all kinds of critics, reformers, and rebels of the 1860s and 1870s under the rubric of "Nihilists" or when he confuses "administrative exiles" such as Lenin with the convicts of the "isolators" and salt mines. In the 1720s a journey from Petersburg to the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk took at least six months even for official couriers, rather than one month. By 1825 Grand Duke Constantine did not "feel himself more a Pole than a Russian," and he did not "hesitate" to confirm his renunciation of the imperial throne. The "main body of pressure" for the annexation of Manchuria and Korea did not "come from the Siberian colonists themselves." On the whole, Mr. Tarsaïdze, relying on the careful work of historians, has told his story well, illuminating vividly the uneven path of Russia's relations with America from the first years of the Republic to the fall of the Romanov dynasty.

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Short of the Glory of God

"American Literature and Christian Doctrine," by Randall Stewart *(Louisiana State University Press. 154 pp. $3.50), examines the significance of Christian thought in the tradition of American literature. Nathan A. Scott, Jr., who evaluates the study, is associate professor of theology and literature at the University of Chicago.*

By Nathan A. Scott, Jr.

PROFESSOR RANDALL STEWART of Vanderbilt University and one of our most eminent Hawthorne scholars, has given us an account of the role that the Christian tradition has played in American literature. In many ways it is an attractive book. The sureness of his learning, the vivaciousness of his style, and his graceful concealment of the apparatus of his scholarship should win for his book a wide audience.

It has not been a part of Professor Stewart's intention to offer a systematic treatment of our entire tradition, for that would have entailed the lifetime commitment and the multi-volume project represented, say, by Hoxie Neale Fairchild's massive survey of "Religious Trends in English Poetry." What he does instead is to take up a few exemplary figures who embody the major movements of American religious thought—the classical Puritanism of New England (Edwards), the deistic rationalism of the eighteenth century (Paine, Jefferson, Franklin), the Romanticism (Emerson, Whitman) and the "Counter-Romanticism" (Hawthorne, Melville, Henry James) of the nineteenth century, the Naturalism of the 1890s and of the early years of this century (Stephen Crane, Norris, Dreiser), as well as the religious implications in recent literature (Eliot, Hemingway, Faulkner, and Warren). And it is very largely in terms of these writers that he exhibits the chief religious patterns in the American tradition.

Professor Stewart tells us that his book is "quite frankly partisan," that he has wanted to abandon the conventional professorial "neutrality," and yet I think it is rather a pity that the excessive fastidiousness of his theological orthodoxy should have led him to deal so polemically with his subject. Indeed, one feels that the very rigorousness of his orthodoxy is by way of making it something less than orthodox. For it seems that he has remembered T. E. Hulme's dictum about Original Sin being "the closest expression of . . . the religious attitude," the notion that man is "a wretched creature" who "can only accomplish anything of value by discipline," and Hulme's definition of "romanticism" as the view that "man . . . is an infinite reservoir of possibilities."

Working with these counters, in addition to his own definitions of deistic rationalism and of the "amoralistic" determination of the modern Naturalists, Professor Stewart puts forward an extremely rigorous (and, I suspect, a far too simple) definition of Christianity: it seems for him to be very largely summed up in the Pauline text, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." This is, of course, very much a part of the Christian testimony, but when adherence to it is made the single criterion of the authentically Christian vision, you then get a kind of rigorism. It is a rigorism that, on the one hand, cannot envisage even the possibility, say, of Emerson by any "dint of sophistry . . . [being] brought within the Christian fold" and that, on the other hand, is prepared to regard as essentially Christian the kind of theatricalization of Evil into an independent world-principle that, in much of Robert Penn Warren's work, really amounts to a bitter Manicheism.

INDEED, Professor Stewart's is a very *literary* kind of theology, and, though the fashionable currency which the notion of Original Sin has enjoyed in literary circles in recent years does put us in mind of a most crucial aspect of Christian testimony, this is not an idea that, taken by itself, furnishes a sufficient summation of the full Christian wisdom about human existence. And when it is made, in effect, the single criterion of the authentically Christian vision, you inevitably get a drastic oversimplification of the actual complexity of the relation of Christianity to modern culture.

Emerson, for example, is certainly a crucial case in the American tradition, and it is true, of course, as Father Edward Taylor said, that, though he was "one of the sweetest creatures God ever made," there was a "screw loose somewhere in the machinery." Yet when Professor Stewart, in effect, sides with Father Taylor in the view that he knew "no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of the Hebrew grammar," he oversimplifies. For, despite all the nonsense about the "infinitude of the private man," in his stress upon the autonomy of the individual and in his protest against all external powers that thwart the individual soul, Emerson was making a kind of witness to an authentically Christian conception of responsible selfhood.

Or, again, in our own time, though Professor Stewart is certainly right in regarding the vision of evil in Faulkner and Warren as partaking of an authentically Christian vision, he fails to take adequately into account the fact that theirs is a vision of evil that is often so unremitting as to make them very much closer, say, to the pure pessimism of Greek tragedy than to the full wisdom of the Christian faith, whose understanding of the depth of the human predicament has always been complemented by the redemptive and penitential motif. We might say that Faulkner and Warren *believe* in Original Sin—which is, however, never quite the stance of the integrally Christian imagination. And just as Christianly equivocal, surely, are those "Counter-Romantics" of the nineteenth century—particularly Melville—whom Professor Stewart wants so sharply to oppose to the heterodoxy of Emerson and Whitman.

It is unfortunate that his theological rigorism does not permit him to make discriminations of this order: the fact of the matter simply is that Original Sin, as the leading idea for an inquiry of this sort, is inadequate. Moreover in this instance Professor Stewart's desire for doctrinal tidiness leads him too frequently to subject our literary heritage to a narrow definition of "Christian doctrine" that functions as a yardstick for a too mechanical measurement at once of theological and of literary virtue.

Yet, the book carries an *éclat* and expresses a sturdy integrity of vision that make it for me by far one of the most stimulating treatments of the American tradition in recent criticism.

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"Is Anybody Out There?"

"The Poetry of Stephen Crane," by Daniel G. Hoffman *(Columbia University Press. 304 pp. $5), is an appreciative study of both the works and the life of the American poet. Our reviewer is the well-known poet and critic, Kenneth Rexroth.*

By Kenneth Rexroth

IN 1952 Columbia University Library acquired the immense mass of Stephen Crane papers which for fifty-two years had been in the hands of his wife, her heirs, and other private persons and were, until then, unknown to scholarship. All this was at the disposal of Daniel G. Hoffman, and for this reason his "The Poetry of Stephen Crane" represents a very considerable advance over the earlier biographies by Thomas Beer and John Berryman. Again, Beer infused his own intense and rather peculiar personality into everything he wrote, and Berryman had a number of psychological theories to demonstrate. Mr. Hoffman's book is considerably more judicious and evenly balanced. Most of all, the perspectives opened up by the new papers, some of them of great intimacy, reveal whole new depths—and shallows—of Crane's personality, without the aid of any special psychologizing.

Daniel Hoffman handles every aspect of Crane, as writer and man, his revolt from his family, his mastering of his craft, his philosophical beliefs, such as they were, his attitudes and responses to love and sex and marriage, the special and peculiar significance he gave to war. The book ends with three chapters of detailed literary analysis and evaluation and, finally, an appendix of those hitherto uncollected poems which have not already been given in the text—which, by the way, is full of them. This, I should say, is about as full dress a treatment as the somewhat slender shoulders of Stephen Crane can bear. He wasn't the world's greatest writer, and it is difficult to imagine much more in him than Daniel Hoffman has dug out. He weighs carefully all the possibilities of influence of decadentism, symbolism, and realism stemming from France, or pervasively in the air of the end of the nineteenth century and, rightly I think, rejects them as not being important, let alone determinative.

In Mr. Hoffman's opinion, and he is certainly right, Crane was an essentially American writer, one who was not simply natively, but truly self-derived, and his problems, and their artistic resolution, were the problems so typical of the American writers of the end of the century—and of American philosophy, as exemplified in William James, for instance, as well. The central problem, from which all others stem, is of course the problem of isolation. Of the self as an entity, of the individual in the world first, and then in society, and, finally, even in love, and in the great crucial rites of passage that give life its shape—birth, coming of age, love, vocation, death—that all cohesive cultures, in darkest Africa as well as in the Catholic Church, mark with sacraments.

Daniel Hoffman is hard put to cope with the barbarism, the journalese of Crane's style. The inescapable fact is that he was a pretty vulgar writer. And he was vulgar because he lacked culture—not culture in the sense of being high-toned, or of being able to tell Guardi from Canaletto—but culture in the way a Hopi Indian is cultured. Stephen Crane seemed to everyone who knew him to be marked for early death. It was not just illness—he literally was not at home in the world. It is the terrible poignancy of his aloneness which makes him a moving writer. Behind irony and sympathy the battlefields of Stendhal and Tolstoy are theatres of wisdom, but there is no wisdom in "The Red Badge of Courage," just lostness.

The acute imagism of the poems is similarly due to the hyperesthesia of incurable isolation—each image appearing as if it were a brightly lit hallucination shining in the darkness of a prison cell. Even the adolescent "philosophy" is simply an attempt to organize the counsels of desperation. Poe, Whitman, Emily Dickinson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce—what a lot of lonely people! Always the question is the same, "Is anybody out there?" No one can understand William James or Bierce who thinks pragmatism is an attempt to answer the epistemological dilemma; it is a personal mystery of the self and the other which beset those men. It still haunts American literature, still produces, wheth-

(*Continued on page* 30)

Leonardo's "The Annunciation."

A GUIDE TO THE GALLERIES of one of the world's most famous museums is provided in a handsomely illustrated book, **"The Louvre"** (Abrams, $7.50). Curator-in-Chief Germain Bazin presents the museum's long history as well as the story of each picture's eventual acquisition by the Louvre.

"Venus" by Cranach the Elder.

"Riches" by Simon Vouet.

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The Saturday Review

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Who Defines the American Way?

NINETEEN-HUNDRED and fifty-eight may go down in history as the year when many Americans first expressed dissatisfaction with two of the things they had been proudest of: their automobiles and their schools. Some of the chrome will probably come off of both. But it would be a pity to have the reform stop there. This looks like a good year to ask a fundamental question: What are schools (and automobiles) really for?

To the first of these questions the professional educators have a ready answer: "Preparation for life." That has a persuasive sound. But what kind of life should they prepare for? Is it for life as it is or for life as it might be?

Once the school, like the church, embodied a protest (or at least a counter-vailing influence) against what most of the other forces in society tended to make of that society and of man himself. The church held that man, undisciplined by religion, was wicked; the school that unless he was educated he would be ignorant and crass. Both seem now to have fallen in love with the world as it is. They talk more and more about "adjustment" and to mean by that "adjustment to things as they are."

The one half-heartedly, the other with real enthusiasm, gives up the attempt to direct society and is content to follow it—like the political leader who watches where a mob is going, puts himself at the head of it, and cries "Follow me." Don't teach "literary English"; teach "acceptable English." If, as a New York Commission recently proposed, schoolchildren are not interested in the classics, don't waste time trying to arouse their interest but give them something they *are* interested in. Teach them how to drive automobiles, how lipstick is best applied, and how (one actual course in a Midwestern "institution of learning") to order groceries over the telephone. These are the things they will be doing; these are what their lives will be made up of; and the business of education is "to prepare for life."

If they won't read, then show them some pictures. As the public-opinion polls have proved, most of those who follow the American Way (and you are not against that, are you?) seldom read a book. Movie appreciation is a much better preparation for life—if you mean preparation for the kind of life the uneducated lead. From the advertiser (either directly or via his sponsored TV programs) most Americans learn far more than they ever learn in school about the prevailing mores and standards of value, about current tastes, beliefs, and preferred activities. If what we most need to learn are the obvious external aspects of the American Way and how to follow it, then advertising is the best teacher.

Not long ago a Western Senator, addressing a meeting of advertising executives, was reported to have congratulated them on how much educating they were already doing and to have urged them to do more, specifically, as he put it, "to participate actively in the classroom situation"—which I take to mean to minimize still further the extent to which education stands for any interests or ideals other than those which the advertiser finds it profitable to cultivate.

JUST how ready *are* teachers to welcome such "participation in the classroom situation"? Not all of them, one may be sure. But the National Educational Association, which is, I believe, the largest and most influential organization of schoolmen, seems quite enthusiastic. Two of its recent projects are a pamphlet called "Using Consumer Credit" and an elaborate project called "Outdoor Education." The pamphlet includes a cartoon (high-school pupils cannot be expected to read) captioned, "Don't Be Afraid to Use Credit," and the "project" is built chiefly around the use of the fishing rod and the gun. The pamphlet offers profuse thanks for the "generous assistance" to two men whom it fails to identify, a couple of fellows who have been doing public-relations work for the National Consumer Finance Association, which turns out to be an organization devoted to promoting the interests of a group of small-loan companies. As for the Outdoor Education Project, its "advisory committee" includes a president and a secretary-treasurer of the "Sporting Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers Institute" as well as the secretary-treasurer of "The Associated Fishing Tackle Manufacturers." If there is any distinction between education in a democracy and the propaganda of special interests, is it likely that the distinction will be very carefully maintained by either the authors of the pamphlet on consumer credit or the directors of the outdoor "education" project? Of course, if the prevailing educational philosophy is sound there is no reason why the distinction should be maintained. If it isn't sound. . . .

The school curriculum needs the revision many have begun to talk about. Perhaps a required course in algebra would be a good thing. But it is more important to ask what schools are for. And the question can be put very simply: Should they follow or should they make at least an effort to direct? Should they adjust men to society or try to adjust society to man?

—Joseph Wood Krutch.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LAST-DITCH DEFENSE

In *SR*'s debate on psychoanalysis (*SR* June 14) Dr. Arlow should not have omitted to note that Ferenczi acknowledged that his therapeutic work included "... something different from analysis ..." He might have added that Ferenczi's goal was ". . . to try to alter the usual technique in severe cases with which it proved unable to cope successfully." Ferenczi referred to circumstances where ". . . one has not made progress with work lasting weeks, months, or even years, and the analyst is faced with the possibility of dropping the case as incurable. It is, indeed, more logical, before giving it up completely, to try out on the case some of the patient's propositions."

Albert Bryt, M.D.

New York, N. Y.

ORGONOMY

Dr. Arlow makes his case ridiculous when he says the works of Wilhelm Reich are included in "the curriculum of every officially recognized psychoanalytic institute and training center in the United States." From this statement I deduce that the International Psychoanalytic Association has at last recognized the "science" of orgonomy and that Dr. Reich's discovery of orgone or "life" energy, a truly momentous achievement which none has so far been able to confirm, is at last going to receive "scientific" approval.

Valdis Ansis Augstkalns.

Amherst, Mass.

A YOUNG SCIENCE

Psychoanalysis is a very young science (if it is a science and not an art). Certainly, it can't have absolutes about individuals, because they are all different. If a psychoanalist can't help the individual without comparing him to every Tom, Dick, and Harry for a confirmation of the truth, he better close up his shop and go home. A rural general practitioner can do better than that.

Elizabeth H. Starks.

West Stockbridge, Mass.

GREATER LAURELS

Does Dr. Fromm suggest that Freud envisioned a time when psychoanalysts shall be philosophers and the uncommon man shall be king? If this is so, then even greater laurels are due the Great Man of Vienna!

Evelyn Greenblatt.

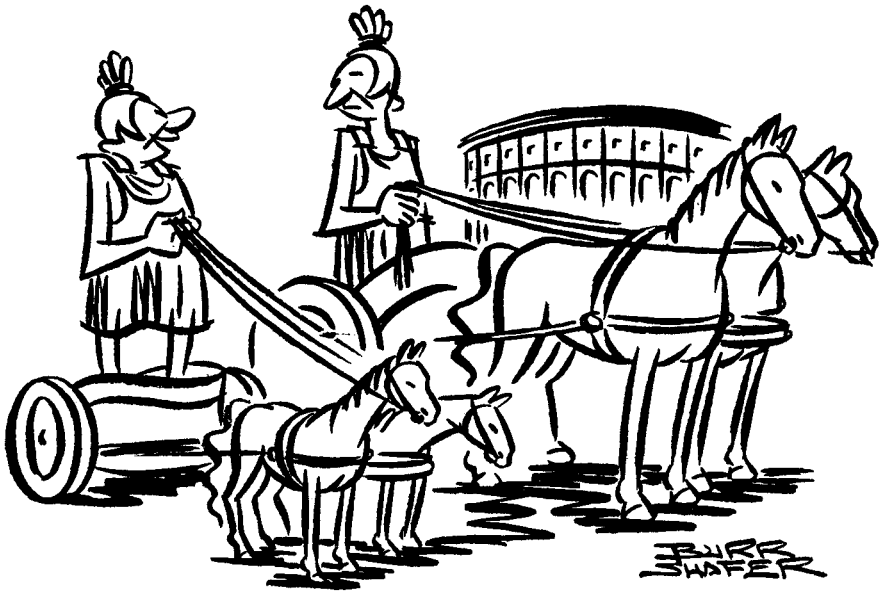
Meriden, Conn.

TAKING LEAVE

Dr. Fromm implies that there was nothing unusual in Ferenczi's feeling that he was receiving messages from and was being treated by a former patient in America. He states that Ferenczi had believed in telepathy before that period. One gets the impression that Dr. Fromm thinks there is nothing unusual in believing in telepathy. One wonders if he, like Rank and Ferenczi, is taking leave of psychology in favor of more esoteric extrasensory endeavors.

Robert Seidenberg, M.D.

Syracuse, N. Y.



Through History with J. Wesley Smith

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BLISTERING ATTACK

Prior to reading Dr. Fromm's article I assumed that when one looked for irresponsibility, character assassination, and sensationalism one naturally turned to *Confidential*. I now see *SR* has entered the field. Perhaps we can look forward to being treated to a blistering attack on abdominal surgery by a faith-healer with a flair for popularization. Of course, to be fair, there will be a rebuttal by a member of the American College of Surgeons (that orthodox, hierarchal bunch of know-it-alls).

Joseph Wm. Slap, M.D.

Philadelphia, Pa.

PSYCHIATRIC NEED

Contrary to Dr. Fromm's impression, Freud has suffered no "tragic fate." The tragic fate, if any, belongs to those who have attempted to subvert psychoanalysis. Freud made it explicitly clear that psychoanalysis was not intended to be a philosophy or a way of life. It was designed as an instrumentality to uncover the hidden determinants of human behavior. Its growing use and development is primarily based on medical and psychiatric need.

Saul H. Karlen, M.D.

New York, N. Y.

TITLE MONOPOLY

Dr. Fromm, of course, holds the Ph.D. from the University of Heidelberg, but with proper modesty finds no need to brandish the degree in his byline. Dr. Arlow, however, like most physicians, tacks the M.D. alongside his name, and then with this presumed advantage immediately seeks to put Dr. Fromm in his place—as far as the readers are concerned—by referring to him as "Mr." I am weary of physicians who seek to monopolize the title "Doctor," for themselves.

Andrew W. Halpin.

Chicago, Ill.

BREAKING OFF

Dr. Fromm seems to have some personal need to misrepresent phychoanalysis. As one who has been trained at one of the Institutes of the American Psycholanalytic Association, I find it somewhat ludicrous to hear a science likened to religious or political fanaticism. It indicates there is little understanding of the clinical basis upon which psychoanalysis as a science and a therapy rests, as Dr. Arlow explained. Dr. Fromm apparently wishes to substitute a philosophy flavored with mysticism for the painstaking clinical effort of the past fifty years.

Z. Alexander Aarons, M.D.

New York, N. Y.

MEDICAL USURPATION

In my thirty years of practice as an analyst I have carefully avoided becoming enmeshed in the machinations and intrigues of the "Royal Family." However, this does not prevent me from keeping a sharp eye on the peculiar antics of the various members of this aristocracy. It is to the credit of Freud's genius that as far back as 1921 (when I was under analysis by him) he forecast, in effect, the possible doom of his science, "if it should ever be usurped by medicine."

Louis Montgomery, Ph.D.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Reform It Altogether

STRATFORD, CONN.

WHAT is worse than a bad performance of **"Hamlet"**? An indifferent one—which is the kind the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy is giving. Accepting almost none of the play's challenges, Fritz Weaver plays the Danish Prince more as a well-intentioned boy with a weak stomach than as a tragic hero trapped between thought and action. Thus, at the beginning Mr. Weaver seems merely a trifle upset that his mother has failed to observe a decent interval between his father's death and her remarriage. After his talk with the ghost—who resembles nothing so much as Rip Van Winkle—the actor limply faints. When he gets into the, "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I" soliloquy, he is on the verge of breaking into a full tango, and one suspects that someday Mr. Weaver will make an admirable Osric. As for the "To be or not to be," it goes by with our scarcely being conscious of having heard it.

This monumental triviality is consistently followed through the whole production. When Hamlet makes his speech to the players, he sounds like a nervous stage-manager. His closet-scene is of the "Mother dear, please try to do better" variety. And when he complains "you would pluck out the heart of my mystery," we all ask, "What mystery?"

For the tendency of this production is to make everything obvious and uncomplicated. Morris Carnovsky as Claudius treats his guilt as if murdering his brother were a minor violation of business ethics. At prayers he is not sad, but angry, because his thoughts remain below—like an Air Force general at a faulty missile-launching. Geraldine Fitzgerald's Queen is a cheerful spectator who appears rather surprised that something serious may be happening. Hiram Sherman's natural comic talents are left untapped in a flat Polonius. The only performances that go beyond being thin recitations are Inga Swenson, whose Ophelia has warmth and body (though one wishes she wouldn't sing her refrains as operatic arias), and John Colicos, who puts into Laertes some of the passion we don't get in Hamlet.

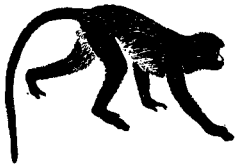
How was such an unexciting result achieved? One suspects that director John Houseman is having a reaction against all the over-interpretation and Freudianizing this play usually inspires. For him this was to be a "Hamlet" in which the audience does not know until after the Play Scene whether the ghost told the truth or not. Unfortunately, this reduces "Hamlet" to a mystery play in the lowest sense of the term.

THE second ASFTA, **"A Midsummer Night's Dream,"** is somewhat better, although its virtues are sporadic. Scene-designer David Hays stimulates our imagination with an inventive and beautiful transformation from the court of Theseus to a fairy forest. But the overly-wide stage opening and the slats and steps that fill it work against the atmosphere of the play. Hiram Sherman's Bottom is good in spots. The droll anti-nonsense he injects into "When my cue comes, call me" is amusing Sherman even if it may not be what Shakespeare had in mind. Standing out among the other tradesmen is Ellis Rabb's classic characterization of Starveling, the laconic tailor, which though it is somewhat less funny than it seemed in an off-Broadway production three seasons ago is still an object lesson of how much can legitimately be made of a small part. The audience heartily enjoys the slapstick performance of "Pyramus and Thisbe," and only the cynics will object that it is really more "carrying on" than performing.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" contains some of Shakespeare's loveliest poetry, and the ASFTA company delivers it with widely varying degrees of skill. At the low end of the scale is Jack Bittner's heavily prosaic Theseus, June Havoc's over-embroidered, silly Titania, and Richard Easton's insufferable Puck. Somewhere in the middle is Richard Waring's Oberon. And in the zone of pure delight is June Ericson's enchanting rendition of the Philomel lullaby as set to music by Marc Blitzstein.

Director Jack Landau has managed to make the mixed-up love plot a penetrating but nonetheless hilarious comment on female psychology. Inga Swenson and Barbara Barrie perform Helena and Hermia with refreshing lust and vigor. And John Colicos is a fine romantic Lysander.

—HENRY HEWES.



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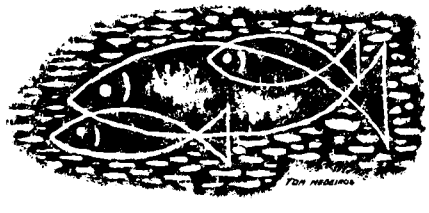
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

An Essay in Fear

IN AT least one respect, Sir Carol Reed's latest film, **"The Key,"** is an unqualified success. Perhaps never before has there been such an impressive visual counterpoint between the moods established by forces of nature, exemplified by the stormy North Atlantic, and the emotional tribulations of the very human characters portrayed by William Holden, Sophia Loren, and Trevor Howard. The consequent union results in a tightly knit, atmospheric piece of work—one that, in spite of the capable efforts of the above-mentioned trio, remains what used to be called a "director's picture."

Contributing in large measure to the film's success is the excellence of its black-and-white camera work, which captures magnificently the look, and even the feel, of the ocean at rest and in turmoil. The plot itself, based on the novel "Stella," by Jan De Hartog, is uncomplicated, describing the activities of an English sea-going rescue tug in 1941, and the successive occupancy of a flat, complete with Miss Loren, by several of its skippers. Some of the principals' antecedents are a bit vague: Holden is an American in the Canadian service assigned to his present duty because of some previous association with tugs, while Sophia Loren is a lonely Swiss (!) girl—from "near the Italian border" —who apparently emigrated to England for reasons unspecified. But in spite of several holes in the script, the story is in the main credible and the characterizations are full-blown. The title derives from the fact that the key to the flat in which the girl lives is passed from one captain to the other, always with the stipulation that a duplicate be given to another officer deemed worthy of inheriting the arrangement. Such is the high mortality rate from Nazi subs and dive-bombers among men in this branch of the Royal Navy that no less than four captains possess the key during the course of the film.

Actually, it is this ever-present sense of danger that gives "The Key" its tone and makes it really a movie essay on fear, or more correctly, bravery under duress. I do not mean to imply that it is another "High Noon" (which was also written for the screen by Carl Foreman), but its effect is nonetheless powerful. And here is where those imposing shots of the ocean are used to great advantage. Repeatedly, throughout the film, the camera cuts, often abruptly, from a tense headquarters office or the drab flat on land to the menacing waves of the North Atlantic. These latter scenes are so realistic that one has the feeling of almost being *on* the tug itself. In this fashion, the director complements and underscores the reactions of the players in a completely cinematic way. He has done something impossible to accomplish on the stage; he has managed to introduce natural forces into his story, and make them serve his own ends.



This has been done before, of course, most spectacularly in the old Goldwyn film "Hurricane," and more recently and more subtly in the French shocker "Wages of Fear," with its marvelous exposition of the effect of jungle rot on the souls of men. In fact, all great action pictures—and "The Key" is fundamentally that—have been characterized by the interplay of human and natural forces. If it is true that movies should at all costs move, then what better place for them to do so than out-of-doors? Sir Carol Reed proves in this movie that the choice of locale does not necessarily determine intellectual content. Points can be made just as tellingly under an open sky as in a drawing room.

Luckily, the cast of "The Key" is proficient enough to cope with the ocean. William Holden's performance is one of the best yet in his artistically accelerating career, Trevor Howard plays to the hilt one of those tortured roles in which he excels, and Miss Loren is alternately warm and wistful as a somewhat incongruous heroine. Special tribute must be paid to a fine effort by the always convincing Oscar Homolka, and to the supervisor of photography, Oswald Morris. But dominating all else is the masterly direction of Sir Carol Reed. By bringing the sea into the script, as it were, he has made what seems to me to be one of the best films of its kind in recent years.

—JOHN CARDEN.

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TV AND RADIO

The Conditions That Prevail

THE following unlikely events have taken place in connection with a cancelled broadcast:

1. The Fund for the Republic, totally dedicated to the preservation of American liberties, has been accused of attempting censorship on the air.

2. The accuser is the American Broadcasting Company network, which a short time earlier had prevented the public from hearing portions of an actual broadcast and, after having been booby-trapped into alleging "mechanical difficulties," conceded that the true reason was fear of committing libel.

3. Mike Wallace, previously known for his no-holds-barred digging style of interviewing, defended the Fund for the Republic.

Of the statements made by the principals some were so woolly as to appear uncandid. None got to the heart of the matter. Even Jack Gould of *The New York Times* missed the point his first time out.

The background is that same series of programs produced by Mike Wallace and his associates and presented jointly by the Fund for the Republic and ABC on which Cyrus Eaton annoyed the Un-American Activities Committee and Sylvester Weaver was momentarily silenced. These interviews are prepared in advance, and the Fund allows its guests to review what they have said and to make changes, if they choose, before the interviews are broadcast. Several of the guests have, I understand, done so. What was transmitted on the air was precisely what they wanted to say.

Our ambassador to the United Nations, Henry Cabot Lodge, felt that two statements he had recorded should be expunged or altered because they involved matters of national security. Mr. John Daly, vice president of ABC, agreed in one case, but not in the other, where he could see no security problem. He agreed to have the interview done over, with the proviso that once it was taped Mr. Lodge could not alter it. Mr. Lodge refused. The interview was not broadcast.

On the face of it, giving an individual the right to correct himself can hardly be called censorship. As Robert M. Hutchins, president of the Fund, wrote to Mr. Gould, "*The New York Times* surely gives you the right to revise your column before publication." If this were all, the argument could be dismissed.

It is not all. There is a faint possibility that censorship *has* occurred, but the victim is neither Ambassador Lodge nor the Fund. It is Mike Wallace—or, to put it more precisely, the image of Mike Wallace in the public mind.

In a previous discussion of Mr. Wallace, John Wingate, and other practitioners of the probing interview, I laid down the principle that every TV program is a contract between all those who create it and all those who watch it. And, deriving from this principle, it must be accepted that the nature of a TV program depends to a large degree on what the audience *expects* it to be. The present series of interviews followed one in which Mr. Wallace interviewed people directly on the air. They could not expunge anything; if they expressed themselves too violently, they had to make their corrections on the spot. If the audience for the present series of interviews expected the same sort of thing, this contract was to a degree breached.

The printed text of these interviews notes that they have been "edited"—but does not say by whom. They have been edited, in fact, by the process of correction before transmission, self-edited to say exactly what the speaker wants to say. An explanation parallel to this in respect to the program on the air would have been in order.

Mr. Daly and Mr. Gould, who applauded him, take the position that an interview over which the guest has final control robs the questioner of his independence. If the form of the interview is used, they feel, its essence—free questioning—should be retained. The fact is that in a series of philosophical discussions, like this one, nothing is more disturbing than an effort to catch the speaker off-guard, nothing is to be gained by pouncing on an indiscreet word, and a great deal would be lost if guest and interviewer hadn't agreed on the broad areas of discussion.

In short, the intent of these interviews is not that of the previous Wallace series. The intent is educational, not reportorial. I do not know to what extent Mr. Wallace has prepared his questions with the collaboration of his guest, but—as in the case of Mr. Eaton—he has rebutted argument, demanded clarification, and implied that he did not accept as satisfactory the answers he received. He was, however, more a participant in a conversation than a prosecuting attorney.

The crucial point is that the audience did not, necessarily, know that the purpose and the practice of this series differed from the others. The Fund, in engaging Mr. Wallace, insured itself an audience, but it was an audience with specific expectations. The Fund's only error was that it didn't clearly identify the nature of its program. That ABC did prevent an interview from appearing on the air in the way guest and interviewer both wanted it to appear is an act of censorship. In effect, ABC told Mr. Lodge he couldn't go on the air unless he agreed to say something he didn't want to say—although he had said it some days earlier. Which is nonsense.

The entire case has been discussed in the press. ABC and the Fund didn't get together to discuss the basic principles on ABC's channels—and that is deplorable. The air is the place for discussion of the problems of the air.

—GILBERT SELDES.

No Daughter of Mine

By Charles Philbrick

THE littlest person I have ever loved
And the briefest, so maybe the best I have loved
Has long lain scattered of liver and lights and fine eyes
Once bright with questions of me, but soon tired
Of the handful of hours they had already known,
Blue eyes that drew their lids to let me know
To let her go.

That body wrongly light
Is now many years of me gone to some earth,
With no stone, as we wished it, and nothing for name.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Music in Poland

WARSAW.

POLAND, an impoverished country with a war-torn past, a drab present, and an uncertain future, has seven permanent opera houses, in Warsaw, Poznan, Cracow, Lodz, Gdansk (the former Danzig), Bytom, and Wroclaw (Breslau). There are nine philharmonic (full-sized) and nine symphony (smaller sized) orchestras, two big radio orchestras, and many instrumentalists. The most important Polish opera house is in Poznan, where the former German regime developed a genuine operatic tradition that doesn't exist yet in Warsaw. The Poznan Opera was not destroyed during the war and started to perform again in 1945. Today Poznan is known among the Poles for its trade fair and its opera house. Unless you care for opera or trade, the Poles say, don't bother to go to Poznan.

The musical life of the capital has always centered around its pianists. Chopin is Poland's national hero and piano-playing the national art. There are probably more outstanding pianists per city block in Warsaw than in any other capital on earth. Frequent Chopin festivals and international competitions keep the young pianists on their toes. Even Chopin enthusiasts in Poland are getting a little tired of the continuous Chopin celebrations, new Chopin editions, Chopin anniversaries, but when a real master comes along and plays Chopin there is pandemonium. For example, there was Artur Rubinstein back in June. The Poles say once a Pole, always a Pole; Rubinstein was welcomed as if he had never left.

It's all very well for Polish pianists but has had bad effects on other musicians and on singers. The lack of good instrumentalists is not only a Polish phenomenon. Czechoslovakia and other Eastern countries complain about a shortage of string, woodwind, and brass-players in their state conservatory classes. Today there is no great violinist in the country of Henryk Wieniawski, not one string quartet of international standing. The lack of good singers is another problem. There certainly is no shortage of good voices in Poland, but a serious lack of good voice teachers. The few well-known singers sing mostly in opera. There are almost no vocal recitals, and lieder singing is practically unknown. The critics are very concerned about this state of affairs and the newspapers have started a campaign to get young people away from the piano to make them study other instruments, but that is like telling a reporter or screenwriter to start writing poetry.

The Warsaw Opera was completely destroyed in the fall of 1939. During the early postwar years the people of the devastated city had more important problems than rebuilding the opera house. In 1953 the company was reorganized and began to perform again in Roma Hall, a former cinema and concert auditorium with over a thousand seats and fair acoustics. The stage is inadequate, the lighting machinery obsolete. Reconstruction of a new opera house at the site of the old one is under way and will be finished in 1962. (Things could be worse: the wealthy city of Munich hasn't even started to rebuild its bombed-out opera.) The Warsaw State Opera will be restored as a classic Renaissance theatre with two thousand seats in the amphitheatre and two galleries. The stage machinery, installed by the Siemens people, will be modern and there will be large store-rooms and lots of rehearsal space.

Opera in Warsaw has never created the excitement of a piano recital or a poetry reading. The Poles are a romantic people who are bothered by the naturalism in many operas. An exception is "Halka," Poland's national opera by Chopin's contemporary, Stanislaw Moniuszko, which was performed for the first time exactly one hundred years ago and is still given at least once a week by every Polish opera house. (The week I was in Warsaw they gave the 269th performance of "Halka" since 1953.) Director Bursztynowicz of the State Opera estimates they could give "Halka" three times a week and always sell out the house. In addition to "Halka," the Warsaw State Opera also performs "Strasny Dvur" (Moniuszko), "Tosca," "Madama Butterfly," "La Traviata," "Barbiere di Siviglia," "Carmen," "Faust," "Don Giovanni," "Lohengrin," and "Pique Dame." Next year they will have new productions of "Aida," "Boris Godunow," "Trovatore," and "Wozzeck." They perform almost every day of the year, and have special afternoon performances for schoolchildren. Prices of tickets go from seven zlotys (25¢) to twenty-five zlotys (one dollar.) There is a good ballet.

The State Opera suffers from a shortage of able conductors. The chief conductor, Mieczyslaw Mierzejewski, is well known and in demand abroad and doesn't appear as often as people want. There is also a lack of able instrumentalists in the orchestra, which has 110 members. The best players prefer to work for the Warsaw Philharmonic, the leading (and better-playing) orchestra of Poland. There is a continuous migration of musicians, which doesn't make for good ensemble building. Unlike writers and poets who earn good money, musicians are badly paid and rarely make more than three thousand zlotys, or one hundred and twenty dollars. Writers often make three times as much.

Another problem is the chorus. Its members are vocally adequate but lack stage experience and behave awkwardly on the scene. The staging of many performances is called the neurolgical point of the productions by many critics. Extremes are frequent. Some productions are ultra-conservative; others are half-baked modern experiments.

THE singers are generally good. The famous artists of the past generation (Turska-Bandrowska, Ada Sari, Wanda Werminska) have retired, and there is a younger group of talented artists: Alina Bolechowska, Alicia Dankowska, Halina Slonicka, Waclaw Domieniecki, Edmund Kossowski, Bernard Ladysz, and many others.

The average performance is below the standards of the big houses in the West, but it is said that there are also fewer ups and downs, and that the discipline is strict. One has the feeling that quite a few of the soloists would be first-rate if they could travel and perform in the West and would have more international experience. Many of them had only a few years of vocal training, have started too early to sing the big parts, sing too much, and as a result now have frequent vocal crises. Opera directors in Poland have the same problems that bother their colleagues in the West who must always cope with sudden breakdowns and get replacements at short notice.

Despite everything, Mr. Bursztynowicz of the Warsaw State Opera is quite optimistic.

"The Warsaw State Opera has thirteen tenors," he said to me proudly. "Some of them will be excellent some day."

No wonder Mr. Bursztynowicz is optimistic. —JOSEPH WECHSBERG.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Purple Pizza-Eaters

GIBRALTAR.

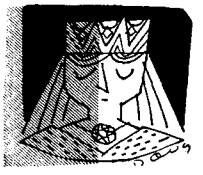
THE voyage aboard the *Cristoforo Colombo,* out of Manhattan, bound for the Mediterranean, started, like the ship, slowly enough. There was the mild flurry backing away from the dockside at West 44th Street when the *Queen Elizabeth,* inbound from Europe, failed either to stop or to slow. On the bridge of the *Colombo,* Captain Enrico Rosselli sent the ship's telegraph to full steam ahead, followed it up with an urgent phone call to the engine room. The 29,800-ton Italian ship, which had been backing into mid-river preparatory to turning towards the harbor and the sea, stopped its backward motion, stood still alongside the Manhattan shore while the *Queen* raced for her pier. On the dock it gave more time to the well-wishers who crammed the pier's end, waved handkerchiefs, arms, and umbrellas. In the slow drizzle, even as the *Colombo* began at last to make headway downstream, two white umbrellas still waved slowly, as if they were held by artful performers of the slack wire keeping balance high above a sawdusty tanbark.

The ship edged forward in the fog that lasted all day and through the night. In the main lounge passengers played shipboard horseraces Italian style—"in thees race da 'orses must jump over the 'urdle." But by the next morning life began in earnest. A program of activity slipped under every door started with breakfast at 7:30 and never let up until after the cold buffet was served in the Winter Garden sometime after midnight. In between times, there were masses in the gilded confines of the beautiful chapel, morning health classes, consommé and sandwiches, trapshooting over the aft rail, songs and music alongside the swimming pool at noon, a symphony in the afternoon, a tea concert in the lounge, movies in the ballroom, then after a gala dinner, a "Night in Montmartre."

For Montmartre, the lounge was transformed into a floating impression of the Moulin Rouge. In nights to come there would be other transformations—a Sea Tavern, a Night in Naples, and finally for the Captain's Gala, the night before Gibraltar, "Una Notte in Estremo Oriente." For the occasion the bakers had whipped up a four-foot-high Tower of Pisa in sugar, surrounded by white sugar gondolas with red curtains at the gold-trimmed windows. On these nights the maître d'hotel, known in these precincts as the *maggiordomo,* strolled the tables thudding a quivering spoonful of Malassol caviar in the first-class plates. And the spumanti, or Italian champagne, flowed for free in all classes. Tourist-class travelers, mostly Italo-Americans en route home for a visit, were offered a choice of seven hors d'oeuvres, four different soups, veal or capon, ice cream, fruit and coffee. The tourist tariff to any Mediterranean port runs about $200 each way. None of the cabins has its own private bath, but the dining room with tables for six is bright and sunny, there is an open-air swimming pool on the aft deck, and a crew's band plays for dancing every night in a salon embroidered with stained glass murals. Not only that, but movies, being shown in first class are beamed all over the ship with the first use of closed-circuit television to be installed on a luxury liner. Four apartments in first class have TV screens, too, and they rent for $1,325 per one-way voyage if you would like to be alone, or $865 for each of two.

In other days and other voyages, according to a list that was handed me, the passenger lists have been graced by "Rossanno Brazzi, movies actor; Mary Pickford, movies actress; Abbe Lane, movies dancer; Xavier Cugat, Orchestra Conductor; Otto d'Asburgh, Prince; Rourke, writer and hunter Journalist; Faisal al Saud, H.R.H. of Saudi Arabia"; and o ex-passenger listed merely as "Cr nin, writer." Alas, with Brazzi back in Rome, Ruark back in Barcelona, and Cugat back at the Waldorf, about all we could turn up on our crossing were six of Faisal's sons, namely Mohammed, Khaled, Saud, Saad, Abdul-Rahman, and Bandar. It was a shipboard whisper that each was born of a different mother. They gave their ages as twenty-one, eighteen, eighteen, sixteen, sixteen, and fifteen. Nonetheless, they appeared handsome if somewhat sinister, and while they never swam or frolicked, they danced and held conversations with young American college girls who were perplexed, as one put it, "by their seeming sincerity because they look you right in the eye, yet you know they do not really believe all they are telling you."

THERE was on board, as well, the Italian girl who had married a G.I. whom she met the first day he landed in Naples. They live in New Jersey and raise dogs and once befriended a raccoon who learned how to tu off the television set, a trick not y conquered by many men. There was the cosmopolitan Egyptian who deals in "oils and petrols" and keeps homes in Paris, Brussels, and Cairo. "You know, my dear," he would say, "there is nothing quite like the life in Cairo.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CROWNED QUOTES

The following direct quotations are all attributed to kings and queens of England. Lysander Kemp of Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mexico, asks you to assign them to the right monarchs. Answers on page 31.

1. "I hate all Boets and Bainters."
2. "We are not interested in the possibilities of defeat."
3. "What a parcel of fools and dastards have I nourished in my house, that not one of them will avenge me of this one upstart clerk!"
4. "We are all Socialists now-a-days."
5. "When I am dead and opened, you shall find 'Calais' lying in my heart."
6. "Oh! he is mad, is he? Then I wish he would bite some other of my generals."
7. "Every bullet has its billet."
8. "I die a Christian, according to the Profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my Father."
9. "I will make you shorter by the head."
10. "Dr. Donne's verses are like the peace of God; they pass all understanding."

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I have five servants. I pay them a ridiculous figure. They work seven days a week and 366 days a year on leap year and they love me! Love me! I ride each morning. I go to the club for lunch. I drop by the office in the afternoon. It is very handily located. The other night I gave a party. I hired an orchestra. Eight of them. They played all night. And what do you think I paid them? Forty-five dollars. It's nothing. Life in Cairo is fabulous, and they say it is good for another twenty years."

There is the ex-German couple on the way to a summer in Ischia, the grandmother and her granddaughter who sit for meals under a spray of ten beige orchids given as a going-away present. There is the American matron, her children, their governess, her engagement diamond big as an elk's molar, en route to a summer by the Monagasque sea. There is the Yugoslav turned Venezuelan, once a Balkan writer, later an RAF flyer, and finally a South American businessman who recalls his capture by Italians. "Life was so delicious it was a shame to escape." *Persona non grata* in Belgrade, he is on his way to a vacation in Capri where Yugoslavs who are *persona grata* at home never tread. Finally there is Enrico Rosselli, the ship's captain, who makes a wide turn at Genoa where his house stands overlooking the sea. When they hear the three blasts of the *Colombo's* horn his wife and two daughters run out to wave and he can pick up their images in the glasses. In August he will spend a month's vacation in a 150-year-old villa near Messina in Sicily where the view gives out to the Aeolian Islands and across the Straits to the mainland. Here he can dream of the Ethiopian War, for which he still wears a ribbon, of the sea fight near Bizerte when Americans sank his freighter loaded to the gills with ammunition, of how it will be when he must retire in February 1960 at the age of sixty, good for another ten years of sailing perhaps aboard a Liberian freighter.

For all of these the passage is perhaps most interesting when, on the fourth day, the *Colombo* skirts the Azores, running alongside the new volcano that first exploded nine months ago on the end of the island of Fayal. Hot lava shoots skyward almost any time of day or night, cascading over the shoulders of the cone, bits of it dropping into the sea and causing a flurry of boiling water by the shoreline. But the cone cannot free all the fury that is inside, and fissures of white smoke have broken out around the lava shell. As the ship comes abeam the view is clear to the lighthouse that last year stood at the tip of land's end. But the new volcano that came out of the sea joined itself to the main part of Fayal, and now the lighthouse sits in a dip one mile, and over a 500-foot volcanic mountain, from the new land's end.

Past the lighthouse the Azorean cliffs form, most of them faced with draperies of green. And on the tableland above, the soil grows rich and green, and in the mists there is a patchwork of farmland in the deep emerald broadloom. Brown sea birds race like outriders along the starboard bow, and up on the plateau is a string of houses stretched the length of a skinny roadway, abandoned now because of the noxious gases that sweep in from the volcano. The memory of Pompeii is still green here in these volcanic islands.

Soon the southern route past the Azores and Gibraltar, calling betimes at Barcelona, at Cannes, at Genoa, Palermo, and Naples, will be joined by a new Italian liner, the *Leonardo da Vinci.* She will be here early in 1960, just too late to give the Commandante Rosselli a turn at her bridge ("Ah, I would like, I would like"). She will have a two-story ballroom and the roof of the dining room will open to the lounge. At 32,000 displaced tons she will be slightly larger than the *Colombo,* which is a sister ship to the late *Doria,* but she will be far smaller than those two late greats of the tumultuous Thirties, the *Rex* and the *Conte di Savoia,* built in Sestri and launched in September 1932. Captured by the Germans in Trieste after the Italian surrender, the *Rex* was to be used to blockade Yugoslav ports. She was sunk between Trieste and Yugoslavia by British torpedo planes along with the first *Giulio Cesare* (the second is now in the Atlantic run), the *Duilio,* two tankers, and the *Sabaudia,* a brand new 32,000-tonner that had never made a maiden trip.

AS FOR the *Conte di Savoia,* I first saw her in 1949 when she sat in the bottom in shallow water just outside Venice. It was near there she had lain at anchor disguised as an island of the lagoon. (The British radio once broadcast the news that a new island had been discovered in Venice and its name was the *Conte di Savoia.*) The island, which had not a drop of oil in its tanks, sank to the bottom when, upon the Italian capitulation, the German command in Venice got an urgent communique to stop *Conte di Savoia,* who was trying to escape. She was immediately set afire with incendiary bombs by a pilot who did not know that the escaping Conte di Savoia was a man, not a ship. The Italians never raised her from her shallow grave off Venice. For one thing, they were not allowed by the peace treaty to own such a large ship, and for another thing the Russians were eyeing her a bit covetously. If they spent the money to raise her from the bottom the Russians might have demanded her as reparations. Finally she was sold off as scrap and her plates remelted. If you watch a Fiat go by one day—who knows—you may be looking at a chip off the old *Conte di Savoia.* —HORACE SUTTON.

LITERARY LANDMARK: "A freedom reigned at his table," wrote Matthew Prior of Charles Sackville, Sixth Earl of Dorset, Restoration poet and courtier, lover of Nell Gwyn, and patron of the literary great, "which made every one of his guests think himself at home." Sackville's table was at Knole, one of the greatest of the stately homes in England, twenty-four miles from London, in the area between the capital and Dover. —NELSON LANSDALE.

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Not What the Children Do

"Sins of Their Fathers," by Marjorie Rittwagen, M.D. *(Houghton Mifflin. 264 pp. $3.50), is the story of the author's findings during her first five years as staff psychiatrist for the New York Children's Court. Her study is appraised by Dr. Fredric Wertham, also a psychiatrist, who has written extensively on the problems and causes of juvenile delinquency.*

By Fredric Wertham, M.D.

NOT what the children do but what the adults do, say, and don't do makes juvenile delinquency such an important contemporary subject. With all the ado about it, there isn't a single modern book that can be recommended as giving a fair and adequate survey of the essential facts and opinions.

Dr. Rittwagen's book is more truthful than most, and has a number of points to recommend it. It is well written. There are excellent accounts of delinquent boys and girls recording their actual words. These verbatim statements are accurate and ring true; they are perhaps the best part of the book.

The study also contains valuable factual data, such as statistics, procedures, and laws governing the Children's Court and similar data that are useful and not easily found elsewhere. The statistics make clear, for example, the extraordinary rise of acts of violence from 1941 to 1951, which I have been pointing out for many years now.

The author not only has psychiatric knowledge, she also has a good deal of social perception. But somehow all these assets of her book do not come to full fruition. She goes a certain distance towards understanding —then stops short. For one thing, she hasn't followed through on ascertaining the facts. The treatment of juvenile delinquency in New York City is a jungle of amateurishness, buck-passing, vested interests, sectarianism, and unbelievably little accomplishment. The Children's Court, potentially in a position to give leadership (and where the author has worked only during the last five years), has been for years the weakest link in the alleged fight against delinquency. It is not correct to say that public mental-hygiene clinics for the treatment of delinquents did not exist in New York City; clinics did exist, but an arbitrary ruling of the Children's Court did not permit children to be sent to them. On the other hand, by the same ruling *adult* couples from the Domestic Relations Court, most unsuitable for these clinics, were sent to them in such numbers that they sometimes had to wait a whole year for a first interview! Moreover, for many years this court committed to a psychiatric ward for a month hundreds of children who were mental defectives whose condition could have been easily established by one or two out-patient clinic visits. The author also states that in the period between 1904 and 1917 the mental-hygiene clinics of Morrisania Hospital and Queens General Hospital were available to the Court. But these clinics did not even exist at that time.

There are a number of technical points which are misleading. It is not correct to say that 60 per cent of court delinquents "were of substandard intelligence." The author comes to this result because she includes those with an I.Q. of 80 to 90, most of whom suffer from reading, academic, or emotional retardation. The many references to schizophrenia in children are also misleading. Most of the cases so diagnosed are not that at all. (This misuse of the diagnosis childhood schizophrenia has been pointed out in a recent number of the *American Journal of Psychiatry.*) This label is too convenient an alibi for all kinds of social defaults (some of which the author recognizes so well).

The author seems to accept the view that for many children and parents needing guidance an "authoritative setting" is necessary because they don't return to clinics otherwise for their appointments. I have seen innumerable cases of this kind, and I know that these clients fail to return not just on account of cussedness, but because the treatment they get leaves so much to be desired.

Altogether, then, if read with a grain of salt and with necessary corrections, this is an interesting book—more on the individual than the general level. From what I know and have seen, I cannot agree with such generalizations as that "almost all the brutality and sadism that now occurs in training schools comes from the kids." Nor can I reconcile the statement that child addicts are sick before they become addicted with the statement that drug traffic makes "a heavy bid for the trade of school children."

Much against her own evidence, the author finds the fault to lie mostly in the children's intelligence, emotions, or background, while giving the cheery impression that all is well in the upper echelons of the different agencies who are supposed to be helping children. There is no mention of television in the book, which goes to show how far people who work with children still are from viewing the child's total environment and appraising the *seduction of the innocent* and the ever-widening *circle of guilt* of adults.

A bibliography would have been helpful, and an index indispensable for looking up the instructive factual data.

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East River, February

By May Swenson

THIS gray day—the wet
pavement of the esplanade,
the flat river's fabric

dusty in fog,
forms of the other shore,
serried docks, blunt-hafted

tankers in their births
drawn in chalk,
the tops rubbed out—

a horizontal composition
with no depth, in three
planes of doubtful reflection.

The air has the most
shine: pins of rain stuck
in muslin, unable to fall

between dull sky
and turtle-colored water. I
am the only upright, a stroke

weighting the ground-cloth—
not by vividness or mass,
by actuality of black.

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"The Meetings"

***"The Highfields Story," by Lloyd W. McCorkle, Albert Elias, and F. Lovell Bixby** (Holt. 182 pp. .50), is an account of a unique treatment facility for delinquent boys in New Jersey. It is reviewed by Austin H. MacCormick, professor of criminology at the University of California.*

By Austin H. MacCormick

HIGHFIELDS, the former Lindbergh home near Hopewell, N. J., was the scene twenty-five years ago of one of the most shocking crimes in American history. Today it is a unique treatment facility, operated by the State Department of Institutions and Agencies for seriously delinquent boys, many of whom will become criminals in later life if they are not turned from their present course.

"The Highfields Story" was written by the men who pioneered this remarkable enterprise: Dr. McCorkle, its first director and now the Department's director of administration; Mr. Elias, the present director, and Dr. Bixby, the Department's director of correction and parole, who has supervised the project from its opening in 50 on an experimental basis.

They have written far too modest a book for so significant a project. It is small and undistinguished in format. At times it is pedantic in tone, and most of the interesting, illuminating, and sometimes salty sections in the boys' own words are in fine print. It will prove, nevertheless, rewarding reading for professional workers with delinquents and for everyone who is deeply disturbed by delinquency.

Highfields is purposely small. At a given time about twenty boys, sixteen to eighteen years old, sent there by juvenile courts as a condition of probation, are in residence. They usually remain three to four months; thus about sixty boys are received in a year. During the five-year period (1950-1955) covered by the book, 317 boys were received.

The boys range in type from the aggressive juvenile gang leader to the small-town "apron-string delinquent." Half of them come from broken homes, but many of the "nonbroken" homes from which the remainder come are emotionally broken, with constant bickering and an uneven mixture of overpermissiveness and excessive harshness creating a pattern of insecurity and compensating aggression in the boys.

The essence of the Highfields program is simplicity and informality in daily life coupled with a soundly structured program, the keystone of which is group therapy. In New Jersey this is called "guided group interaction," and it is referred to by the boys as "the meetings."

In its physical and social structure Highfields is entirely unlike a traditional correctional institution. The boys and most of the six-person staff live in the one large house. There are no locks or bars, and the boys have the freedom of the 400 acres of fields and woodlands. They do farm work and maintenance chores at a nearby state neuropsychiatric institution, go to the nearest town occasionally with a staff member for shopping, the movies, or church attendance, have occasional visits from relatives, and go home on furlough two or three times during their stay.

The staff members' manner toward the boys is informal and natural. In the relationships of daily life, and especially in group therapy, the boys begin to change their attitude that all adults are their natural enemies. From this change slowly comes capacity to establish warm, friendly relationships not only with adults but also with boys of their own age.

Group-therapy "meetings" are held for two groups of eight to ten boys each five evenings a week; each session lasts an hour and a half. The director is the therapist. The purely nondirective method is not used. The therapist is "active in the group discussion, especially in the initial sessions, and plays a critical, supportive, guilding role . . ." As they progress in therapy the boys do most of the talking. They are brutally frank about the behavior and attitudes of others. Little by little they become equally frank about their own problems, and finally identify others' problems with their own and share them.

The disorderly behavior and aimless discussion of the early sessions gradually become orderly and purposeful. Digests of the discussion in a number of sessions, included in the book, reveal insight that is little short of amazing in youngsters with the background of the typical Highfields boy.

It is difficult to assess the progress of teen-age delinquent boys in any treatment program; the critical test will come in later life. The Highfields statistics, nevertheless, are encouraging: of 240 boys who completed their residence in the first five years, 199 (83 per cent) made a successful adjustment in the community. It is this reviewer's opinion that New Jersey has clearly demonstrated at Highfields that potential effectiveness of intensive treatment in a simple setting with warm interpersonal relationships.

Fiction

Continued from page 16

charmers, Benny Greenspan is a little too illiterate, a little too naïve, and a little too nice to make one believe he could exist very long in the business as it is now.

However, if you want to take him "with a graina salts," to use Mr. Greenspan's own language, and you wansome nice, light, Bronx-flavored reading while you are lying by the pool at Pomm Springs or on a deck chair on an oshun lina, you could probably do a wholelot worst than to invest in a copy of "Oooh, What You Said!"

Criminal Record

THE EXECUTIONERS. *By John D. MacDonald. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Lawyer (prosperous, wedded, three young) is confronted by ex-soldier he put away in wartime rape case; latter out for trouble; fine situation-piece involving ordinary guy faced with potentially explosive crisis (and statutes no help). The author's usual fine job.

MANHUNT IN MURDER. *By Wyndham Martyn. Roy.* $2.75. Peeper Anthony Trent and wife, Patricia, tackle mob dealing in international crime; chase takes in London and countryside; overpopulated, but deaths deplete cast. Confusing.

THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY. *By Michael Cronin. Washburn.* $2.95. English girl, vacationing at shore, gets into darnedest mess as unpleasant boy friend seeks hideout; involvements accumulate terminally, as expected. Not too credible.

LEGACY OF A SPY. *By Henry S. Maxfield. Harper.* $3.50. Bill Slater, U.S. security operator, skis his way to victory in Switzerland, Germany, and Austria as Red plotters fight back; cheek-pads, wigs, suicide pills in hanky all figure, but story has nice pace; good air of authenticity, stunning scenery. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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Writers and Writing

Continued from page 19

er in B. Traven or Nelson Algren, Wallace Stevens or Allen Ginsburg, work of piercing significance.

Amy Lowell looked to Crane's poetry for the sources of imagistic precision. She found a clumsy and vulgar writer. But Crane, while it is true that he is not a great writer, is a good one—like F. Scott Fitzgerald almost *because* of his faults. Nor is his power to be found in any fancied inheritance from Jules Laforgue, passed on to T. S. Eliot (Daniel Hoffman shows that nothing of the sort exists) it stems from his own terribly moving folly and innocence and wrath, the qualities of fierce honesty that redeem even the worst infelicities of his style.

The Lost Volume

"Consciousness in Concord," with notes and commentary by Perry Miller *(Houghton Mifflin. 243 pp. $4), contains the text of a previously missing volume of Thoreau's journal—that for 1840-1841. Henry Beetle Hough, who reviews the book, is the editor of* The Vineyard Gazette *at Edgartown, Mass., and the author of "Thoreau of Walden."*

By Henry Beetle Hough

ONE small volume of Thoreau's journal, covering the period July 30, 1840, to January 22, 1841, became separated from the others and was not united with them at the Morgan Library until 1956. It is now published for the first time and, as Professor Miller points out, if there was a romance between Thoreau and Ellen Sewall, this was the interval during which it occurred. He finds no supporting evidence for the legend, and more than a legend it can now never be.

The "lost" volume contributes nothing fresh to the understanding of Thoreau; it simply fills out the record of his youthful jottings. A sample:

> There is not a chestnut in the wood but some worm has found it out. He will seem to be at home there, and not far from the highway. Every maggot lives down town.

Professor Miller's "commentary" is a complete revaluation of Thoreau, whom he detects in the course of "circumventing death, evading woman, discounting friendship" and committing himself after initial failures to a principle of "anticipation" without end. It was deceptive and audacious of Thoreau, he thinks, to have chosen to be a writer and to "seek both a library and a publisher, and yet pretend to keep himself unstained and aloof." But does not every writer aspire both to participate and stand apart?

Most of all, Professor Miller is impressed with Thoreau's incessant reworking of field notes into journal entries, his further experimentation and revision, and his tenacity in making use of almost every paragraph without regard to actual chronology, if not in one piece of writing, then in another. Instead of admiring the method that produced the great writing and unity of "Walden," Professor Miller terms it a vice; Thoreau's way was "miserly" and "niggardly," his writing was "contrived" and "rigidified." It was "mosaic" or even "parquetry." "Walden" itself becomes a highly "schematized" though cunningly disguised "song of death" and "paean of resurrection"—but with the latter brought deliberately to "its climax in a slime of sand."

Few readers of Thoreau are likely to follow Professor Miller in believing any of this, for to do so would require the rejection of more reasonable and less narrow interpretations. Some of the inferences in the commentary seem clearly wrong, such as that Thoreau agonized over his writing, or that he chided himself when he expressed his desire to write a mythology. Is it accurate to say that Thoreau was "not only shiftless but dangerously irresponsible" because a fire over which he and Edward Hoar were cooking a meal escaped to the woods? Many a seasoned camper has been as guilty.

Moreover, Professor Miller at times seems unperceptive and inadequate in his characterizing words and phrases; how is it possible, for instance, to refer to Thoreau's pregnant deathbed reply to Parker Pillsbury—"one world at a time"—as a "final insouciance"?

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1266)

O. SITWELL:
(FLORENCE: AT THE) VILLA JERNYNGHAM

The Villa Jernyngham belonged by
inheritance to the Dampiers,
Who could neither afford to keep it
nor to give it up. . . .
So Mr. and Mrs. Dampier,
Incapable of running a home for
themselves,
Set out to run a home for twenty
others, and be paid for it.

. . . of Leadership

Continued from page 9

brief, statecraft? Not at all. It is the fact that the man has a followi The army creates the captain, a ordinarily the army pushes him in the direction that it, not he, wishes to take. This applies even to great men. Remember that Washington opposed independence while he could, Lincoln opposed Emancipation while he could, Franklin D. Roosevelt opposed the welfare state while he could.

I do not question the genius of these men, but I believe their genius resolves mainly into two elements, one a sharp perception of the reality of the existing situation, the other, courage to act in accordance with that perception. No doubt God gave them their courage, but their contact with reality arose from their careful observation of men and events; and one thing they observed in their contemporaries was a readiness to move under intelligent direction. I do not descry, I must admit, any Washington, or Lincoln, or Roosevelt on the scene today; but if there were one lurking somewhere in the shadows, would *he* descry in this nation any willingness to follow into the u known?

The leader is necessarily one who breaks new paths into unfamiliar territory. The man who directs us along the old familiar ways is not a leader, he is a traffic cop—a useful and worthy functionary, but not inspiring. Nevertheless, it is the old, well-beaten paths that we have been stubbornly following until very recently—to be specific, until the moment when the Russian satellite wrote across the firmament in letters of fire the warning that a traffic cop is not enough, that we must have an explorer. Then indeed we began crying aloud for leadership, crying with a shrillness that sounds all too much like hysteria. It is not leadership for which we should be crying aloud, but for the gift of inner grace to use and not abuse the leadership that is already available. It is obviously abuse, not use, of leadership to follow any man blindly.

THE greatest of all defects in leadership, loss of contact with reality, is not, however, always glaringly a parent even to a follower with bo eyes open. Yet it is always to be suspected in a man whose motivation seems to be primarily emotional. There are times, of course, when the emotional appeal is a useful implement shaped to the hand of a com-

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pletely realistic leader; but when a man's chief driving force is emotion it is highly probable that he is a man blind to reality. The chanters of hate and the drummers of fear commonly live in a world of fantasy that does not correspond to any form of truth.

At this time it seems to me that the traditionalist is equally suspect. We, as a people, have clearly been out of touch with reality for some time. We have not been watching our step. We have been stumbling along, not sharply observing the world around us, but dreaming of balanced budgets, of lower taxes, of reduced armaments, and of general ease in Zion; and we have been rudely awakened to find ourselves in highly exposed in plain view of every enemy sniper.

At such a time the worst possible leader is the worshiper of tradition whose preachment is, "Let us stand fast, let us hold to the faith as it was delivered unto the saints." He is actually worse than the reactionary, whose ideal is a return to the flesh-pots of Egypt. It is debatable whether we ought to advance or retreat, but it is not debatable that we ought to move, for to stand still is to offer a perfect target to every marksman. It is my own opinion that we ought to advance, but I would rather see this country go backward than see it refuse to budge. Fortress America is a pretty hopeless refuge, but it is preferable to No Man's Land.

But one who presumes to denounce what is wrong ought not to stop without advancing some suggestion of what is right. It is a logical inference that if the American people demand an activist they may get a Hitler, or at least a Huey Long. We who were born Americans were born committed to a certain political theory, and we cannot escape the commitment without repudiating our citizenship, since the two were welded together in the year 1776. This theory is not, as some have assumed, belief in the perfectability of man, but it *is* belief that man, without approaching perfection, can be very considerably improved over what he is at present. Specifically, it is belief that a high degree of political maturity is attainable by the common people. Perhaps the whole moral and intellectual level of the masses cannot be raised perceptibly, but their political competence can. On that assumption our system of government was founded.

In my judgment history has thus far sustained the theory. Our progress has been slow, with frequent and sometimes appalling set-backs, but, as measured over a long period, the curve has risen. I believe that this people is more capable of self-government in 1958 than it was in 1858, and much more capable than it was in 1758. I am persuaded that we have learned some things from experience, and have applied what we have learned to the improvement of our governmental system. If we have learned anything, it is possible to hope that we may learn much more. If we have advanced at all, it is possible to hope that in the future we may advance faster.

I believe, too, that history proves that the demand for it creates, or at least evokes leadership. Observers generally agree that the Presidency of the United States tends to increase the stature of the man who holds the office. It seems to me that we have two conspicuous instances of this in the records of Abraham Lincoln and Harry S. Truman. Lincoln was a strong man who in the White House became great; Truman was an average man who in the White House became strong. Each was compelled by pressure of events to find a path where none existed before; and in responding to the demand for leadership each served his country better than his best friends had believed he could serve it. We cannot create genius, but the demand of an intelligent following can and does develop talent; and in the absence of genius, talent will serve.

I repeat, I believe that this is true. But—and here is the crucial point to which this whole argument has been leading—in any event it is imperative to act *as if* it were true. The only way to test any hypothesis is to act as if it were true, and that applies to the great political experiment that is the United States of America as closely as it applies to any experiment in a scientific laboratory.

WE HAVE, therefore, no alternative. We are part of the process of testing the hypothesis that free men are capable of self-government. For us to repudiate the hypothesis would be to render the experiment inconclusive and therefore worthless—to nullify the blood and toil and sweat and tears that have heretofore been expended to create and maintain this republic, to blot out the glory of our heroes and to make mockery of the righteousness of our saints. That would be a tragedy of such colossal dimensions that the mind recoils and refuses to contemplate it.

But is the fact that we are bound by historical necessity any reason to rail at fate and consider ourselves abused? I cannot think so. We are part of an experiment devised not by us but by our forefathers, and we cannot know the outcome, but remember the words of Justice Holmes in his great dissent in the Abrams case: "All life is an experiment. Every year if not every day we have to wager our salvation upon some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge."

Let us make the wager, then, with stout hearts and quiet minds. At least we can console ourselves with the knowledge that it is a great experiment. If it succeeds, if one nation in this world attains such political maturity that every man will have even a little skill in the use of leadership, and a fair ability to avoid its abuse, the effect will be tremendous beyond comprehension. It may, indeed, confound philosophy by bringing into existence the condition that Plato deemed impossible, the nation where "political greatness and wisdom meet in one," though philosophers had not become kings, nor kings philosophers. For even that gloomy thinker admitted that under the combination of political wisdom and political power the state would be delivered from its evils.

"Nelson's was the last ship but two in the British fleet, and he was in a good position to see that the leading vessels, after executing Jervis's order, would arrive too late to keep the gap open. Without a moment's hesitation, he wore the *Captain* out of the line, turned her before the wind in a direction heading at first *away* from the enemy, then, his movement completed, sped into the fast-closing gap, engaging seven Spanish ships with his single 74. Three of the enemy had over 100 guns, and one, the *Santissima Trinidad*, was the largest ship in the world, the only four-decked man-of-war ever launched. Of the many acts of courage in Nelson's career this was perhaps the most sublime, extraordinary—and rewarding. For the order of battle, the 'line,' was sacred. To leave it, without an instruction from the commander in chief, was an appalling professional lapse: it was usually held to betray cowardice, and carried with it the certainty of a court-martial, and almost inevitably disgrace and ruin."

—On the crisis of the Battle of St. Vincent, from "Victory," by Oliver Warner.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. George I. 2. Victoria. 3. Henry II. 4. Edward VII. 5. Mary Tudor. 6. George II. 7. William III. 8. Charles I. 9. Elizabeth I. 10. James I.

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"THEY ARE 'OLD TIMERS' AT GOING TO N. Y. but think all the hotels too expensive. Still, they are accustomed to the best—so I have suggested Beekman Tower." (A letter from a Texas travel agent to the Beekman Tower Hotel, overlooking the United Nations at 49 St. and 1st Avenue, NYC 17.) Write for folder R.

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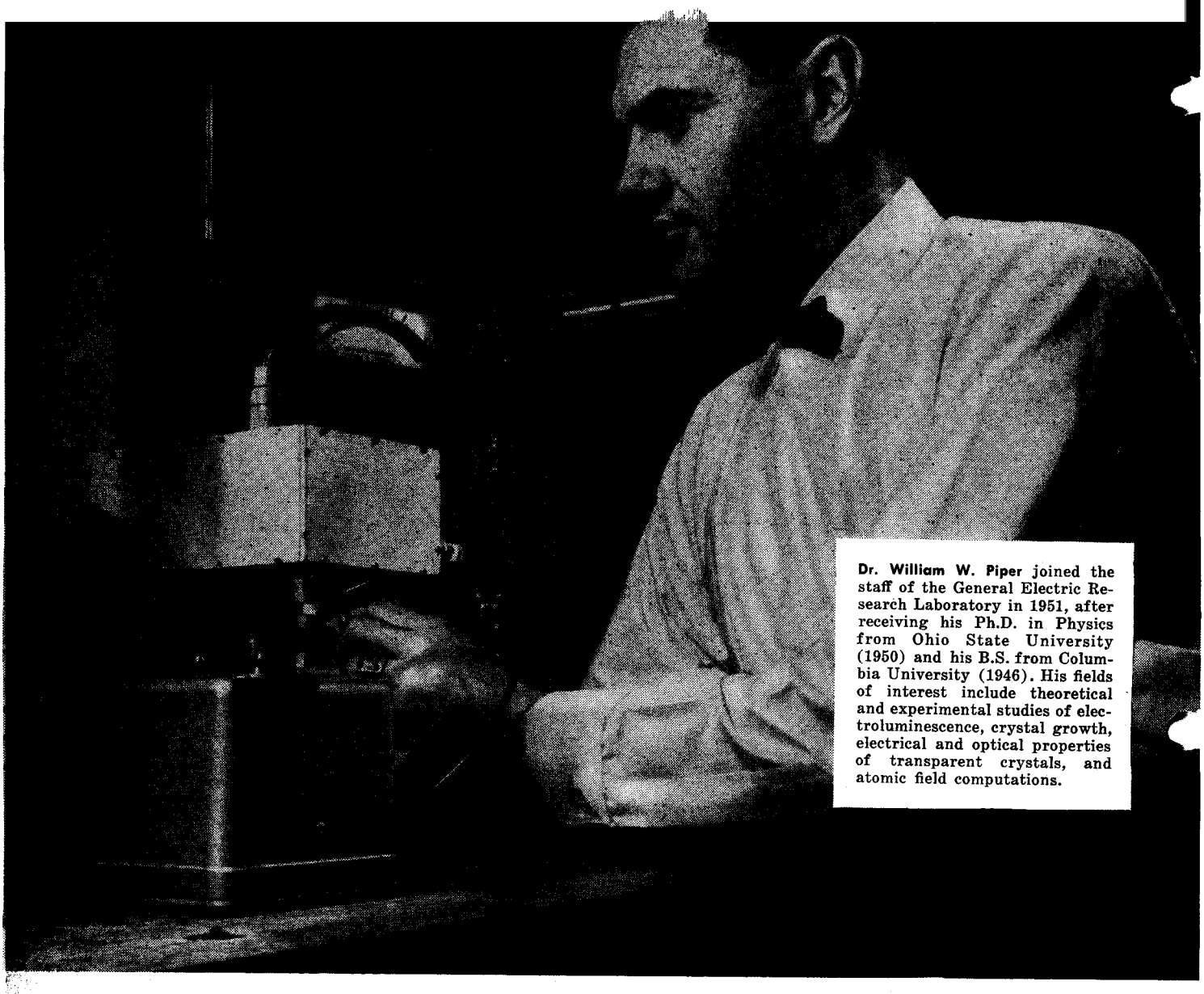

Dr. William W. Piper joined the staff of the General Electric Research Laboratory in 1951, after receiving his Ph.D. in Physics from Ohio State University (1950) and his B.S. from Columbia University (1946). His fields of interest include theoretical and experimental studies of electroluminescence, crystal growth, electrical and optical properties of transparent crystals, and atomic field computations.

Research in electroluminescence

Single crystals led General Electric's Dr. William W. Piper to new understanding of light sources

Electroluminescence, the process in which electrical energy is converted directly into light within a phosphor, has been known for many years. Only in the last decade, however, have scientists obtained detailed knowledge of its characteristics. Early studies were carried out with samples consisting of large numbers of microscopic phosphor particles. The complexity of this experimental system made it difficult to interpret the data obtained in terms of a fundamental explanation of electroluminescence.

Shortly after Dr. William W. Piper joined the staff of the General Electric Research Laboratory, he learned how to grow single crystals of zinc sulfide phosphors. His studies of these single crystals soon led to the successful identification of the means by which electroluminescence occurs in this material.

The improved understanding of the basic processes involved is aiding in the development of new light sources, such as electroluminescent ceiling panels and radar plotting boards, contributing both to a higher level of living and the national defense.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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—Woods Hole.

SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—XXVIII • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Our Water Planet

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE SEA WITHIN US: AN ANCESTRAL TALE

TO BE human is to be individual. Every one of us differs from every other in more ways than we can count or even know. But all of us have in common the one thing we must have in order to survive. That unique commonality is the bloodstream.

Blood is, in its chemical makeup, mostly sodium and chloride. Sodium and chloride together are salt. We have, then, something very like the sea within us, continually feeding us. We have carried this lifestream pulsing inside us for ages, passing it through all the generations of change from the days of our beginning, as we slowly adapted ourselves to breathe the air instead of the water of the sea that originally was around us.

How do we contrive to forget this marvelous heritage?

This week, the 100th anniversary of the reading of the papers in which Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace enunciated the theory of evolution through natural selection, is an appropriate time to ask.

Why do we contemplate with such seeming complacence the imminence of our primeval home becoming, through accelerating use of atomic power, a radioactive garbage dump?

May we not, if we lack respect for our great ancestor, be drowned in our own pollution?

Scientists have argued honestly over the relative danger of leukemia and bone cancer from the fallout of experimental A-bomb and H-bomb explosions. There can be no argument about the necessity for scrupulous care in disposing of wastes from peaceful A-furnaces. In the next ten years, the accumulation of these lethal ashes will grow at least a thousand times what it is today. Where can we put the stuff without fear? The oceans wash every land, ocean flows into ocean, and every current that moves in one direction on the surface is countered by another current moving oppositely below. What can we do? We cannot know until we learn as much again about the sea as we have gleaned in a century—ten times the time we have left.

Our risks are multiplied by the explosive pressure of generations not yet born. Within the next hundred years, the number of Earth's peoples will almost surely double. How will they be fed? From the pastures of the sea?

If those pastures are not defiled, they may be the saving of the race. The process of photosynthesis, through which sunlight is converted into living green growth, is sixfold more prodigal in the sea than on the land. The food we get from the meat, milk and eggs of the animals we eat gives us only a tenth of the energy they get from eating the grasses and grains that grow from the light of the sun. This is understandable when we remember that animals must radiate into the air about them as much as two-thirds of the energy they generate, merely to keep themselves warm. Fish and crustaceans, being cold creatures in a cold environment, can store more of their energy; consequently, the motive power they can pass on runs as high as forty per cent of what they stoke.

It has been estimated that a single "river" of water in one of Earth's oceans—the Peru Current—gives up two and a half million tons of fish each year to the guano birds of South America's western coast. If we multiply that by ten, we have the whole annual catch of all the fisheries in the world. And so we see that the food that man takes from the oceans today is a mere appetizer. He hasn't tried for more because the waters near the major markets yield all the fish that can be sold, at prices well below those of landlubbing farmers' livestock. This may be just as well, for the sea is an enormous problem in cultivation, with harvest times that can only be guessed at (see *Science in Books*), and the water may be as resentful of overcropping and erosion as any "dustbowl."

Whether comparisons like these will actually be expressed, they certainly will be drawn at a symposium the American Association for the Advancement of Science has called for the first two weeks of September 1959. The subject will be the oceans; discussion topics will parallel those of the 1955 AAAS symposium on "the future of arid lands." Just as the deserts can be made to bloom when the laws of irrigation are known, so the oceanographers expect to increase the standing crops of their marine world by studying (from samples like the one being drawn up in our masthead photograph) the physical properties of seawater.

Interest in sea pastures is, in fact, global. UNESCO has recommended formation of national research centers in Japan, Australia, Europe and India, with joint investigations to be undertaken there by mathematicians, physicists, geophysicists, geologists, meteorologists and biologists. The activity is encouraging, though it comes late. It is still years ahead of proper appreciation of the role the oceans play in governing weather.

Merely because a few clever men in particular places under favorable circumstances have caused clouds to

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drop rain, we talk glibly of tailoring weather to suit our fashion. What we really know about weather-making is, scientifically speaking, little better than witches' brew. The Weather Bureau takes infinitely greater pains to guess from past experience *whether* it *may* rain *tomorrow* than to learn *why* it *ever* rains at all. Storms remain what they have always been: the wild offspring of some unseen, mysterious embrace between the far sky and the ocean floor.

Even as we boast of a sprinkle of manmade showers, most of the sunlight falling on Earth is inexorably being swallowed by the silence of the sea, churned about for centuries or perhaps millennia and at last regurgitated into the air to steady the climate and enable us to live. And we, in our delusion of mastery and manipulation of Nature, are meantime pouring carbon dioxide into the atmosphere in such prodigious quantities from our wood-burning, coal-burning, oil-burning, gas-burning engines that we may in truth even now be surrendering ourselves to the manipulation of our inscrutable forebear—the waters of the deep.

Altogether, our ignorance of the salt mixture that sloshes our planet is almost overwhelming. Such a simple question as "Where is the land in the water?" cannot yet be answered with certainty. It is generally believed, for instance, that the continent Antarctica is at the South Pole. But some of the International Geophysical Year studies of Russian scientists say it isn't a continent at all, but only an arc of islands buried by mountains of ice.

As recently as the eve of our own American Revolution it was thought that there must be a large continent in the South Pacific. This belief had come down unchanged from the ancient Greeks, who considered a great land mass there essential to balance the northern continents. Ptolemy (A.D. 150) had gone so far as to fill the whole southern hemisphere with land. The voyages of Columbus, Magellan, Diaz and Drake proved that the surface of the Earth wasn't anything like that solid. But not until Britain's George III, the same who proved a scourge to our American colonies, did anyone appear with enough curiosity to clear up the mystery. The story is succinctly told in a recently published book from The Heritage Press, "Captain James Cook in the Pacific." George III charged Cook either to find the continent or to demonstrate its non-existence. In the voyages traced on the map at the bottom of this page, Cook sailed right through the supposed continent and circumnavigated the ice fields he tried in vain to penetrate around the South Pole.

"I firmly believe that there is a tract of land near the Pole," he wrote in his journal on February 6, 1775, long before anyone else touched or even suspected Antarctica. And, on February 21: "There may be a continent . . . and it is probable that we have seen a part of it." This land, he had no doubt, "is the source of most of the ice which is spread over this vast Southern Ocean; and I think it is also probable that it extends farthest to the North opposite the Southern Atlantick and the Indian Oceans because ice has always been found farther to the North in these Ocean(s) than anywhere else."

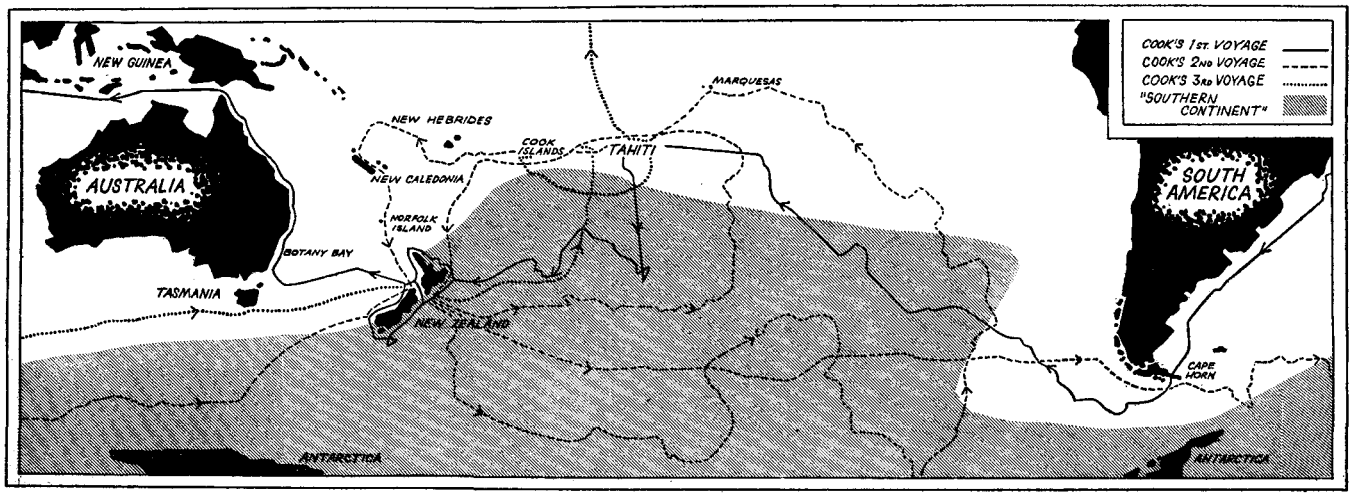
The Captain speculated: "The formulation or coagulation of Ice Islands has not to my knowledge been thoroughly investigated: some have supposed them to have been formed by the freezing of water at the mouth of large Rivers or great Cataracts and so accumulate till they are broke off by their own weight. . . . How are we then to suppose that there are large rivers in these Countries, the Vallies are covered many fathoms deep with everlasting snow and at the sea they terminate in Ice clifts of vast heights. It is here where the Ice Islands are formed, not from streams of Water but from consolidated snow which is allmost continually falling or drifting down from the Mountains. . . . If this imperfect account of the formation of these extraordinary floating island of ice, which is written wholy from my own observation, does not convey some usefull hints to some abler pen, it will however convey some idea of the Lands where they are formed, Lands doomed by Nature to everlasting frigidness and never once to feel the warmth of the suns rays, whose horrible and savage aspect I have no words to describe."

Having made a remarkable prediction, Cook went on to voice a colossal misjudgment.

"Whoever has resolution and perseverance to clear up this point by proceeding farther than I have done, I shall not envy him the honour of the discovery but I will be bold to say that the world will not be benefited by it. . . . either . . . in . . . Navigation or Geography or indeed any other Science."

Greater follies have been perpetrated since by lesser men. Because of them, the progress of oceanography has been unbelievably slow. Study of the sea did not emerge as science until the now famous *H.M.S. Challenge* voyaged around the globe in the 1870s. Even today there is one great sea, the Indian Ocean, whose workings are practically unknown. And no ocean can yet be said to be fully understood, as the study of man and the sea which begins on the next page will testify.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.



SLOWPOKE OCEANOGRAPHY mapped "Southern Continent" (shaded area) until Capt. James Cook sailed "through" it in 1770s.

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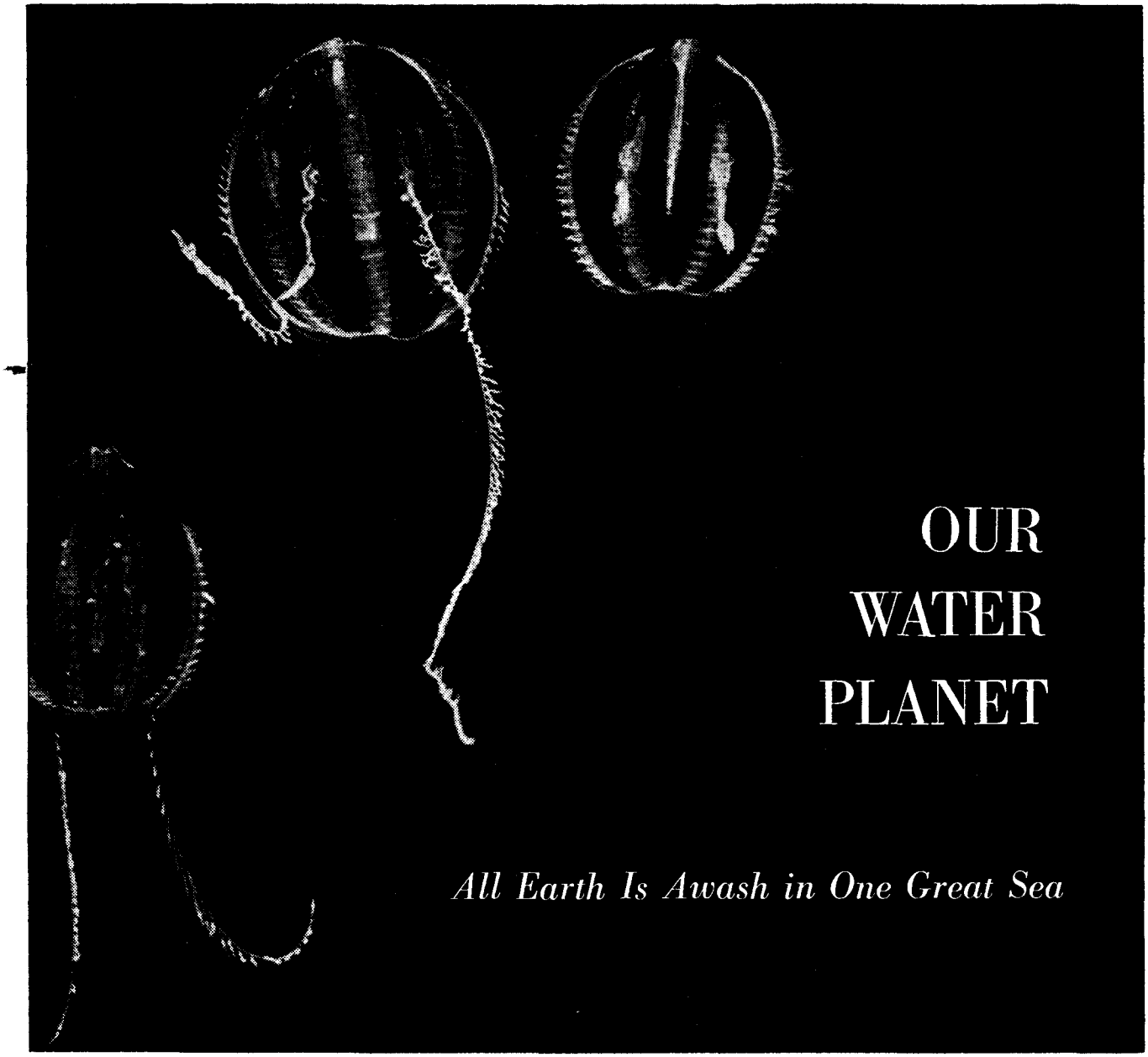

OUR WATER PLANET

All Earth Is Awash in One Great Sea

In the dance macabre above, primitive neighbors of ours are blindly combing the dark waters for prey.

By C. O'D Iselin

A MAN on Mars would see the planet Earth as a water planet. Even the continents we live on would look to him like islands in the midst of salt seas. Land fills only one of the four quarters of the planet's surface. Yet we think of the Earth as land. Our lives are governed largely by what we know about the land. Science and popular thinking alike have yet to accept the truth that roughly three-quarters of the globe is covered by seawater three miles deep, containing all the chemical foods that have washed off the land since time began. We also ignore the probability that life originated within the sea.

The urge to explore the Earth has lured men on dangerous journeys across the waters since very early times. At first the chief concern was to learn the extent of the oceans. Merely to map the boundaries was a long adventure. Then men moved from the surface of the waters down into the ocean depths. About seventy-five years ago biologists began trying to find out what lives in the oceans. Expeditions were sent out to collect sea plants and sea animals. Still deeper explorations were made by instruments, all the way down to the ocean floor. Mountains were found, taller than any that now pierce the sky, and abysses so deep that the water in them lies as quiet as though contained in huge uncorked bottles. Strange tracks, left by unknown passers, have been photographed on the mud-covered slopes and flats. A lobster-like flea and a tiny worm have been trawled up alive by Dr. Maurice Ewing's men at the Lamont Geophysical Observatory. And now we are boring into the sea floor itself, closer than we ever have come before to Earth's molten core, dropping thermometers down to help us calculate the heat that comes up from that mysterious inferno.

Yet all these endeavors together have not told us how the oceans work. It is not their depth that holds the great secret from us; our ignorance is prolonged because all the waters belong to one enormous globe-enveloping ocean.

This interlocked Earth-washing ocean is a new dimension into which science must reach. No one owns it, and though many fruitless wars have been fought to try to control it, no single maritime nation is likely to bring sufficient resources to bear even

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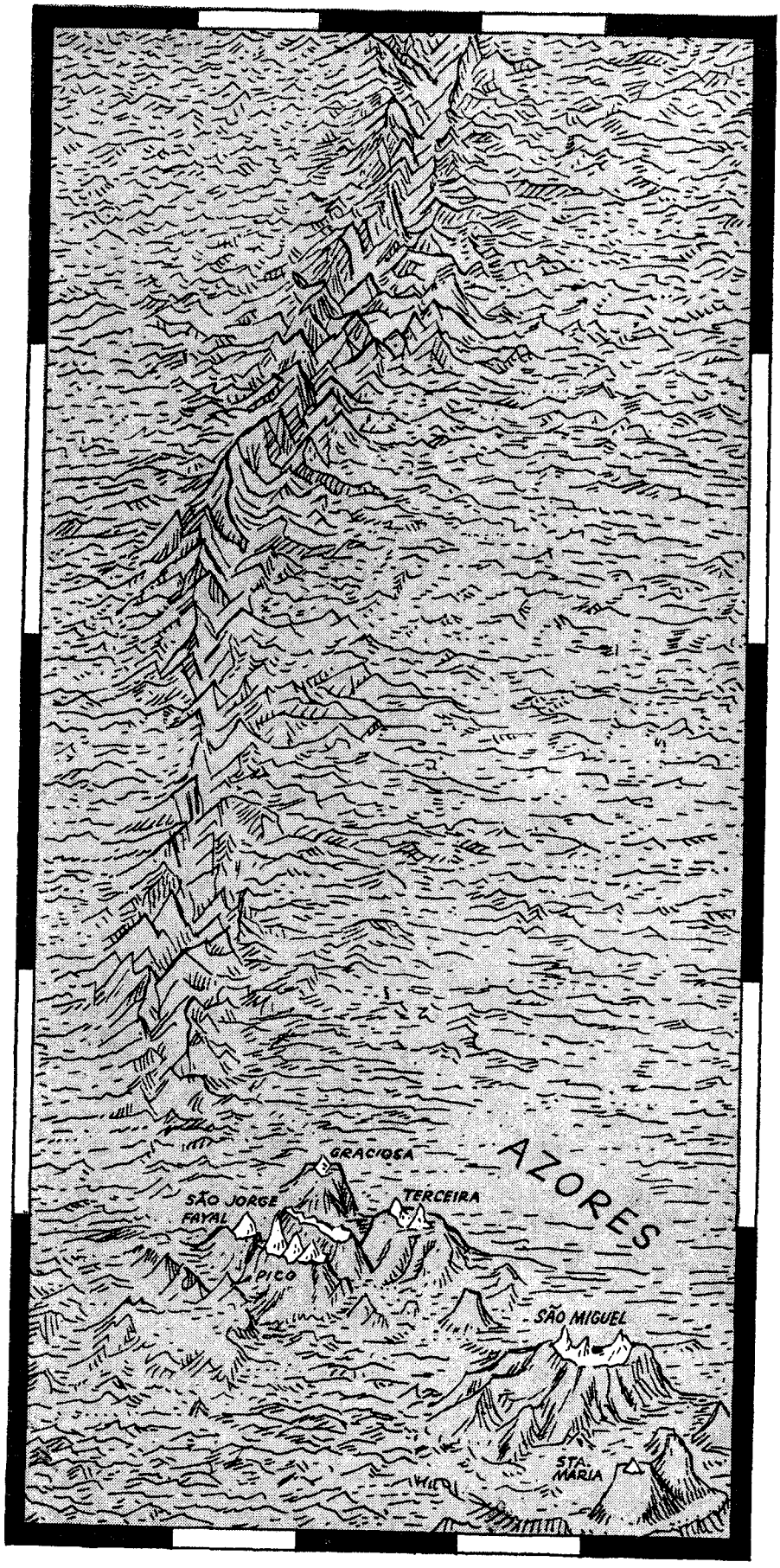

UNDER THE SEA BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LONDON are more mountains than stand above water between New York and San Francisco. One chain is depicted above. Its topmost peaks are the Azore Islands. Sketch is a detail from phone cable layers map drawn by Bruce Heezen and Marie Tharp of Bell Labs. Patches of white are islands. For reasons the article explains, scale of mountain heights is a rough approximation.

to use it to full advantage. Exploitation, therefore, can come about only through co-operation. Co-operation entails effective regulation. But first we must study and understand what it is we have to regulate.

UNTIL very recent times the amount of scientific effort put into oceanography has been almost insignificant. During the past hundred years a few scientists from the major maritime nations have had research vessels at their disposal and have been able to examine more or less systematically limited areas of the oceans, usually the shallow marginal seas where the important fisheries are located. Only since about 1925 have reliable techniques and instruments been available for the study of the dynamics of the currents in the deep ocean. Even today, when more than sixty research ships belonging to more than twenty-five nations are at sea, oceanography advances slowly. There are not many oceanographers in the world at present, considering the magnitude and complexity of the problems with which they are confronted. The number is somewhere between 500 and 1,000. But thanks to the International Geophysical Year some of us at last have been able to get together to talk about the problems and we have discovered that our combined facilities are not nearly as limited as they had seemed to each small and neglected national group. Together we can perhaps answer some of the questions posed here in a reasonable time.

Oceanographers are beset by many practical as well as scientific difficulties. Often their efforts are thwarted by the weather. Instruments must be rugged if they are to survive for long when used at sea. Mostly the available research vessels are small, the living and laboratory spaces are crowded, and the length of the voyage is limited by economic factors as well as by the endurance of the vessel. Nevertheless, over the years a great deal of information has been accumulated, especially from the waters of the northern hemisphere.

The scientific literature dealing with the ocean has come to be formidable. When this writer was a graduate student at Harvard about twenty-five years ago, one could read the whole of the technical literature of physical oceanography, for example, rather easily within a year. Most of the pertinent information could be found on a few shelves in the library. In a recent month the library at Woods Hole received nearly 100 new papers. Today a reasonably complete marine scientific library would more than fill all the rooms in an average sized house—and still not include the books

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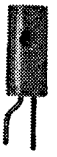
on oceanic biology. Thus oceanographers are being forced to specialize and to some extent this is also true of their laboratories.

Yet most oceanographers necessarily remain scientific "Jacks of all trades." One needs to know a little physics, some chemistry, and some biology. It is also helpful to have a background in geology and in meteorology. Is such a diverse subject really a proper subdivision of science? The answer is that two factors give oceanography a certain unity; much of the work must be done from a ship and, in almost any problem that one begins to study, the movements of the water (either on a large or a small scale) must be taken into account.

The circulation of the ocean is actually a vast problem that will not be fully solved for many years to come. It has been a much underestimated problem in the past. For many years it has been clear that the winds provide most of the energy for maintaining ocean currents. In general, the surface water moves in much the same direction as the average winds. However, the ocean is also being heated in low latitudes (near the equator) and cooled in high latitudes (near the poles). This fact alone must cause it to circulate. As we learn more about the problem it becomes increasingly difficult to separate the effects of the winds from the effects of heating and cooling, and of evaporation and precipitation. Some currents are nearly pure wind currents; others are mainly density driven—that is, they respond to the fact that as water cools it picks up weight and slides downhill. Within the body of the oceans forced circulations also cause a gradual overturning of the system. Nobody really knows how fast is this overturn. By learning this one thing we may be able to assuage a good share of the world's hunger and even to regulate the weather.

Together, the circulation of the atmosphere and the hydrosphere constitute a huge and complex heat engine deriving its energy from the sun. The two halves of the system react on each other in many subtle ways, with the ocean in general acting as the flywheel of this huge heat engine. The air currents are, of course, much swifter and outside of the tropics much more variable than the ocean currents, while both types of flow are strongly influenced by the rotation of the Earth.

THERE was a time when thoughtful men couldn't believe the Earth was a moving body in the heavens because they didn't understand how we could walk upright under those circumstances. Now we take the planet's rotation so much for granted that we



1948—*Early "point contact" transistor.*

The remarkable transistor observes its 10th birthday

In 1948, Bell Telephone Laboratories announced the invention of the transistor. In 1958, the transistor provided the radio voice for the first United States satellite.

To advance the transistor to its high level of usefulness, Bell Labs had solved problems which, in themselves, approached the invention of the transistor itself in scientific achievement.

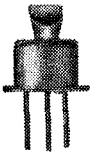
First, there had to be germanium of flawless structure and unprecedented purity. This was obtained by growing large single crystals—and creating the "zone refining" technique to purify them to one harmful part in *ten billion.*

The "junction" transistor, another radical advance, spurred transistor use. Easier to design, lower in noise, higher in gain and efficiency, it became the heart of the new electronics.

An ingenious technique for diffusing a microscopically thin layer on semiconductors was created. The resulting "diffused base" transistor, a versatile broadband amplifier, made possible the wide use of transistorized circuits in telephony, FM, TV, computers and missiles.

In telephony the transistor began its career in the Direct Distance Dialing system which sends called telephone numbers from one exchange to another.

For Bell System communications, the transistor has made possible advances which would have been impossible or impractical a brief decade ago.



1958—*Satellite transistor, incorporating 10 years of Bell Labs research and development.*

BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES

WORLD CENTER OF COMMUNICATIONS RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

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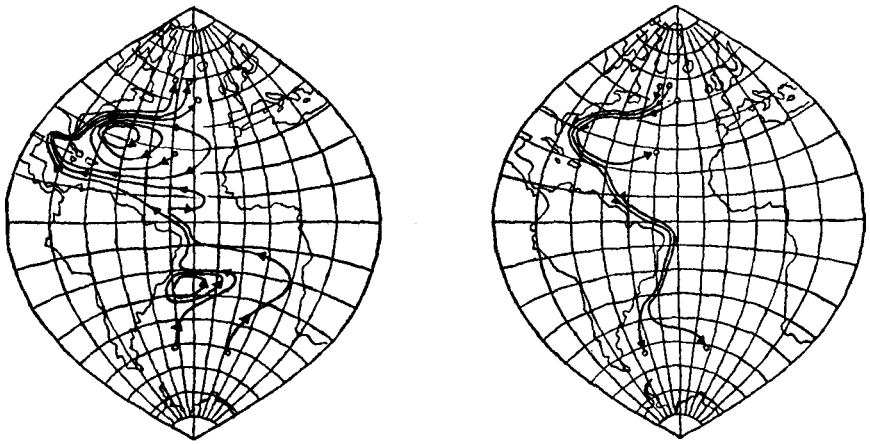

THE SEA IS A TWO-TIME THING. Surface appearances (left, above) are reversed (right) out of sight. Oceanographer Henry Stommel theorized this must be true, proved it by tracking buoys Britain's Dr. John B. Swallow designed to fall to chosen depths and float there. Arrows mark current flow. Circles locate downsweeps and wellups of water.

forget about the forces generated by the continuous spinning. Even scientists who spend their lives in study of the mechanics of the physical world can ordinarily disregard the Earth's turning in their laboratory experiments. But the movements cannot be disregarded in the physics of the oceans or of the atmosphere.

There is no known way of modeling the effects of the Earth's rotation in the laboratory, except by studying the northern and the southern hemispheres separately, and there is an obvious difficulty in cutting the Earth in half for study purposes. In both media, the motions are to some degree unstable. Both the weather and the currents are continually getting out of hand on various time scales. The glacial periods are perhaps the extreme example, but the day-to-day weather forecaster is faced with much the same problem. He often does not know whether a given storm will increase in intensity or die down. The obvious persistence in the weather and in the climate is in all probability largely due to the oceans.

Of recent years oceanographers and meteorologists have come to substantial agreement on the essential unity of their basic problems. Rapid advances can be expected once means has been found of assessing the role of the oceans in a more nearly quantitative manner. This brings us back to the evaluation of the rate of overturn of the ocean as a whole. Does overturn take place on the average once in a hundred years or in a thousand years or in ten thousand years?

Another major question, namely, what is limiting the biological productivity of the seas, is closely related. If the oceans overturned more rapidly, they could support much more life. The surface layers where the sun can penetrate and thus support photosynthesis are a relative "desert." However, deeper down nutrient chemicals are abundant, for they have been accumulating there as they have washed off the land. Furthermore, as plants and animals in the sea die, the chemicals of which they are constructed tend to sink and thus accumulate below the relatively shallow layer where sunlight has sufficient intensity to reactivate them. There is no drought within the oceans, only near the surface a shortage of much the same nutrient chemicals that are limiting in agriculture. If we could somehow stir the oceans more vigorously. . . ! This is not a hopeless proposition, but first we must understand what is going on at present.

IN ATTEMPTS to advance understanding, three principal approaches are being used. The primary attack is through measurements obtained by ships at sea. Here, the main effort is simply to describe the whole system in all three dimensions, both physically and chemically, and to some extent biologically, in sufficient detail in order to be able to see what the problems really are. This is a huge task. Simply to survey the waters of the whole earth, as is now being done during the International Geophysical Year, is not enough. When this survey is completed we will have for the first time a reasonably comprehensive picture of the oceans as they exist today. But we would also like to know whether or not they are changing and, if so, how fast. For example, are the oceans losing or gaining heat at present? Are we headed for another ice age or, what could be even more disastrous, is the whole system warming up so that the existing glaciers may soon begin to melt with the consequent gradual flooding of our coastal cities? To answer such questions in a convincing manner will require not only one survey but repeated surveys of at least considerable parts of the system. Reliable measurements in oceanography do not yet extend over a sufficient period of years to enable anyone to establish trends.

The second line of attack on the ocean-air circulation problem is through theoretical studies. Mathematics is, of course, a very powerful tool. In principle, one should be able to set up a series of equations interrelating the several processes of the exchange of energy between the sea and the atmosphere, and then solve them for the resulting water movements. In practice, until now, it has been necessary to simplify mathematical models of ocean circulation to such an extent that they only vaguely resemble reality. The most successful mathematical models assume that the winds provide all the energy and that the winds are reasonably steady. As already explained, this is a considerable simplification. In more complicated models it has been impossible to solve the equations. However, modern electronic computers may soon overcome these difficulties. As descriptive oceanography reveals greater detail, it should become possible to construct more reliable mathematical models. In any case, as a glance at any oceanographic journal will show, many people are at work on theoretical studies, especially in Scandinavia, in this country, in Japan and in Russia.

The third line of attack on circulation problems, both in the atmosphere and in the oceans, is through the operation of hydraulic models. As with the purely theoretical approach, the work can be done in a laboratory and is therefore much less expensive than the making of observations at sea. The most successful hydraulic models have been of estuaries where the tides, the winds, and the river inflow are suitably scaled. The mixing which takes place between the salt water and the fresh water in an estuary can be very closely simulated in these laboratory models: but they are local, individual situations. As suggested earlier, models of oceanic circulation must be limited to a single hemisphere. Thus there is little hope of modeling the exchange of water between the North Atlantic and the South Atlantic, although this exchange has an important effect on the deep currents in both oceans. Indeed, one of the principal difficulties in oceanography is that the ocean is continuous. The geographer may give different names to different parts of it, but both the water and the animals ignore these boundaries.

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Thus, through observation, theory and model studies a general understanding of ocean currents has been considerably advanced of recent years (see sketch, page 40). But many details are still lacking in the answers physical oceanographers can now give to many questions put by their biological colleagues, who were mainly responsible for the early scientific interest in the sea.

How many fish are there in the sea? This is a question on which opinions differ widely. The trouble is that there is no quantitative method of sampling the fish population of the open ocean. Many fish avoid the sunlit surface layer where they can be caught by hook and line. Nets have been towed at mid-depths but probably scare many of the fish away. Only in the last few years since the Japanese have been fishing in the tropical Atlantic has it begun to be realized that there may be as many tuna in the Atlantic as in the Pacific.

How do migrating fish navigate? This is a question which cannot yet be answered with any certainty. What causes the goings and comings of fish which make the earnings of a fisherman so uncertain that the industry remains quite primitive in character? Fishermen are still hunters rather than farmers. Only about one per cent of man's food has a marine origin, yet acre per acre the sea is producing about as much organic material as the land. Until we understand the overturn of the oceans, the marine environment will remain a major biological frontier. It is premature to speculate about its ultimate potential. Certainly the possible harvest is at least several times that being now realized and it may be as much as one hundred times.

Of recent years geological oceanography has been much more vigorously pursued in this country than the fundamentals of oceanic ecology. Acoustical developments have provided the geologists with new tools that they have been quick to exploit. A school of fish or even an individual fish can give as good an acoustical echo as does the ocean bottom. On the other hand, the bottom in the deep ocean, although much farther away from the sound source, is always present—one doesn't have to scout for it.

WATER, either salt or fresh, is relatively transparent to sound and very considerable advances can be expected in oceanography because of this fact. Echo sounding devices already have achieved a considerable degree of sophistication, but they still have one great defect. Because of the rolling of the ship from which the sounds are broadcast and to which the echoes must return, an acoustical "look" at the bottom takes in a broad panorama; it cannot be a sharp closeup. In areas of rough bottom topography it is difficult to tell how rough the sea floor actually is in detail. It is as though an observer in an aeroplane looking down on the Rocky Mountains could only know his altitude above the highest point in each thousand-acre area.

The blurring of our present picture of the ocean bottom is made more serious by our inability to visualize a mountainous landscape that has not been eroded by rivers and frost. How should one draw contour lines of soundings? Not only have the great underwater mountain ranges (see map, page 38) not been eroded by the same processes that are familiar on land, but also they have been coated by a steady "snowstorm" of insoluble remains of countless marine organisms, plus fine material washed off the land since the beginning of time. Moreover, great "avalanches" of these unconsolidated marine sediments occur from time to time along submarine slopes. These are known as turbidity currents and they redistribute the mud in ways which we can only dimly understand. The clue to many mysteries surrounding the history of the earth probably will be found beneath them.

Finally, one other fundamental fact should be stressed. The oceans are the source of all of our rain water. If man is to gain some control over climate he will first have to understand the many intricate steps between the evaporation which is continually occurring at the sea surface and a rain storm in Kansas, for example. How do marine clouds pump moisture and energy into the atmosphere? This is what goes on continually in the tropics. Tropical marine meteorology has become a most active and productive field of research of recent years and the new studies have been pioneered largely by oceanographers. For too long have most meteorologists neglected the fact that most of the atmosphere overlies salt water. The lower atmosphere especially is greatly influenced by the sea, for raindrops do not form except when nuclei are present in the air, and the sea provides the larger condensation nuclei in tiny salt particles. Such matters are as yet only vaguely understood, but it is evident that there is a great future for the study of the interactions of the sea and the air.

The earth sciences constitute a grand system that governs our physical and chemical environments, and no part of this system is completely independent from the others. We have been much too slow to recognize that the earth sciences enter into many aspects of our existence. Too often we think of science as a mysterious something that goes on in a laboratory. The Earth as a whole is probably our laboratory of most immediate scientific and practical interest and it certainly is more accessible than the stars.

—*Woods Hole.*
C. O'D Iselin.

COLUMBUS O'DONNELL ISELIN GREW UP in the town of New Rochelle, within sight of Long Island Sound. Boats were as much a part of his boyhood as bicycles are to inland youngsters. The Iselins being bankers and cotton brokers of independent wealth, young Columbus could afford to follow the path of his great namesake. By the time he got to Harvard, he was a seasoned sailor.

Harvard had no formal course in oceanography, but it did have on its faculty a teacher of physics who was one of the world's leading students of the oceans: Henry Bryant Bigelow. Although Iselin was studying math, not physics, Professor Bigelow, knowing a faithful disciple when he saw one, talked to Columbus endlessly about the sea, encouraged him to think about the mysteries of the water, told him in what books he might find clues to some of these riddles, and finally (after Iselin had bought a yacht named *Chance,* and recruited a crew from college chums who had been sailing with him further north in the Atlantic every summer) urged him to study scientifically the movements of icebergs in the Labrador Current. The study confirmed Norwegian theoretical equations so thoroughly that the American ice patrol in the very next year adopted the theory to predict the whereabouts of icebergs for Atlantic shippers.

But now that he had started on a scientific career, young Iselin wasn't sure if that was really the thing for him. Bigelow recommended that Columbus find out by sailing *The Atlantis,* research ship of the newly created Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. That was in 1930. Iselin has been at Woods Hole ever since, first as a sailing captain, then as an investigator, then as director, now (appropriately) as Henry Bryant Bigelow Oceanographer.

—ROBERTA SILMAN.

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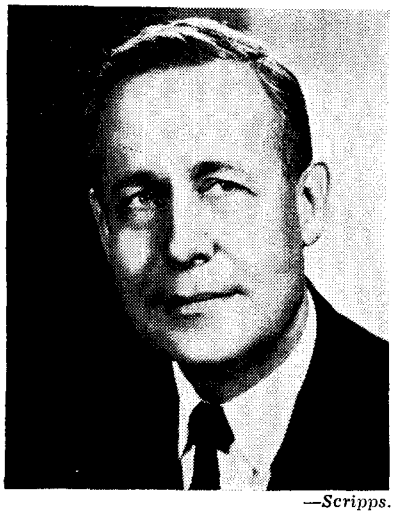
PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXVIII

SEAFLOOR WONDER MERCHANT

Dr. Roger Revelle of Scripps Sells Very Deep Mysteries



—Scripps.

La Jolla, Calif.

ALTHOUGH he is one of the world's foremost oceanographers, Dr. Roger Revelle whimsically describes himself as "travelling salesman."

"My job," he says, "essentially is to thrill, excite, irritate or shame people into supporting oceanography."

As director of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography here, Dr. Revelle is selling what might be called the *new* oceanography, which treats study of the seas as a comprehensive, integrated science in the mainstream of human affairs, rather than as an intermittent curiosity of adventurers and scholars.

He is impelled by the fact that oceanography, while promising important revelations, is far behind the "land" sciences in development.

"In topography," Dr. Revelle says, "we're about where dry-land knowledge was in 1750. Our most detailed knowledge is one or two per cent of the sea floor—off the Pacific Coast—that has been systematically mapped with soundings five miles apart.

"In history—geology, rocks, fossils—we're about where we were in land knowledge seventy-five years ago.

"As to what goes on under the earth's crust, we know more about ocean areas than land areas—although just scratching the surface."

Oceanography is still "primitive," he says, because "Nature is such a difficult customer." A dry-land geologist can look at billions of years of earth history in an afternoon's inspection of strata. An oceanographer may have to wait years to establish the presence of a single stratum. A single measurement of temperature on the ocean floor may tie up a ship for six hours.

Dr. Revelle seems well suited both physically and temperamentally for his role as salesman of the underwater world. Prospective customers for his wares can't miss him. He stands six feet three, with a heft of some 225 pounds. At forty-nine, his black hair is just beginning to gray around the edges. His massive face is usually solemn, but his manner is amiable, modest to the point of shyness, and bereft of academic pretension. He speaks softly and calmly even as minor crises erupt about him.

The probable secret of his eminence is that, with all his "selling" preoccupations, his prime interest has remained oceanography itself, on which he maintains a steady flow of scientific papers and expatiates with the ever-fresh enthusiasm and wonder of a graduate student. His discoursing is colloquial, sprinkled with mild expletives and such unaffected terminology as "little critters." By choice he talks with a blackboard, scribbling words of emphasis along with diagrams, and splotching himself with chalk which sometimes adorns his clothes as he plods around La Jolla.

Dr. Revelle's own entry into oceanography was literally accidental. Son of a Seattle lawyer, he majored in geology at Pomona College (class of 1929) and went on to graduate work at the University of California at Berkeley.

"The oceanographic yacht Carnegie blew up at Numea," he relates, "but they saved a lot of ocean-bottom cores (multi-layered mud-and-rock cookies cut with remotely controlled patterns) and brought them to Scripps. Scripps asked for a geologist from Berkeley to analyze them, and I was sent down. The first thing I knew they had me going to sea on expeditions. I said: 'This is wonderful—you work and take boat trips at the same time'—and I stayed here."

Starting in 1931, he worked his way up through faculty ranks to acting director, and since 1951 has been director. He led major Scripps expeditions in 1950 and 1952-1953. In World War II, he was a commander in the Navy, working first with the Naval Electronics Laboratory and later with the Bureau of Ships, on such matters as the propagation of sound in water, problems of undersea warfare, surf forecasting, marine smoke screens and survival-at-sea. During the first post-war atomic tests at Bikini in 1946, he was in charge of oceanographic measurements.

A point he stresses in "selling" oceanography is that full-scale development of atomic power may produce radioactive waste annually equivalent to the debris of 10,000 H-bombs. The ocean is the likeliest depository for this waste, and before we start using it, he submits, we should have a pretty good idea what is going to become of the stuff.

As an individual, he has been doing as much as any one man can to help find out. He is a member of the National Academy of Sciences panel on biological effects of atomic radiation, the International Council of Scientific Unions oceanographic research committee, the oceanographic panel of the National Committee for the IGY, and the UNESCO committee on marine sciences. These assignments occasion monthly trips to Washington, several trips abroad a year, and periodical visits to University of California headquarters at Berkeley. Consequently, Dr. Revelle must limit his diversions to directorships of a local music society, a theatre foundation and a bank, and occasional family weekends at a small backwoods ranch he owns. He has four children, two of them married, and is thrice a grandfather. His wife, the former Ellen Clark, is a local girl he met in their college days.

Dr. Revelle's salesmanship is directed against the major oceanographic shortages of qualified people, time, money and equipment. Relatively few practitioners of the basic sciences are willing to confine themselves to marine matters. "We can't attack the problems of, say, marine biology with the elegance, beauty, power that we can the problems of physics," he explains. "Nor can we see quite where these problems lead in terms of fundamental understanding. What leads people on is just the love of animals and plants, the joy of solving a problem even though it's an isolated problem and doesn't contribute directly to some question of how life works."

Actually, Dr. Revelle points out in the course of his sales-talk, the oceans are the basis of human life, through their absorption and evaporation stabilizing the globe's supplies of heat and moisture and probably of chemicals as well. Moreover, the seas em-

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body certain global scientific riddles, ranging from geology to genetics, which may be solved sooner through oceanography than dry-land research.

One half of the Earth's oceanic laboratory is the Pacific and its fringe seas—an expanse of 55,500,000 nautical square miles. Twice as big as the Atlantic and the Indian oceans, this area contains phenomena not found elsewhere. (The cover of this issue of *The Saturday Review* gives artist Chesley Bonestell's conception of some of them.) Outstanding among these is a series of great V-shaped "trenches" with depths to 35,000 feet and extending for thousands of miles along the continental shelves. Erosion does not account for them. A leading theory now is that they are folds caused by a steady circular "flow" of rocks.

The Pacific is coursed by currents—one of them with a flow 1,000 times that of the Mississippi River—which must have massive effects on climate.

"Yet," comments Dr. Revelle, "we have no idea what causes these—where they start from and where and why they eventually disperse."

The Pacific now is under constant study by scientists of numerous nations, notably Russia, Japan, Australia, Canada, Peru, Chile and the United States. Foremost among many organizations involved—inasmuch as it is possibly the biggest oceanographic institution in the world—is Scripps. Named after the philanthropist E. W. Scripps, the Institution since 1912 has been part of the state-operated University of California. It occupies a 158-acre tract just north of San Diego, has a student body of some fifty graduate students, a faculty of more than 100 teachers and researchers, a current budget of $3,500,000 and six research craft.

Scripps pioneered in applying all the "land" sciences at once to a unified study of the oceans. In 1950, the Institution inaugurated almost continuous research voyaging, thus making itself essentially " a laboratory using ships as instruments." Each of the six vessels averages 200 days a year at sea —aggregating in seven years the equivalent of a 15-year voyage by a single ship under the old approach. Consequently, Scripps has taken in stride its IGY mission, which involves three major voyages.

The first IGY expedition, tagged Downwind, was out four months and covered 40,000 miles. The research centered on submarine topography, deep-water circulation and the carbon dioxide content of ocean air and water. The latter study relates to the large question of whether man, by loading the atmosphere with furnance, factory and motorcar fumes, is changing climates.

The second and third IGY expeditions are going to center on research on the massive equatorial currents and on marine biology. Marine life is so fantastically variegated and profuse, Dr. Revelle says, that one can think of the ocean as one great cell with myriad organisms pulsating in it and apparently creating each other's environments. A mystery of evolution is implicit in the fact that around the edge of the Pacific Basin slightly differing strains of fish remain invisibly compartmentalized in contiguous habitats despite the constant tendency of clockwise currents to mix them.

Marine research is so laborious as not to be adaptable to "crash" programs, no matter how lavishly mounted. But it could be accelerated, Dr. Revelle says. Bigger ships than the present cramped 143-foot 700-tonners are a pressing need, for efficiency's sake. The Russians operate 5,000-ton oceanographic research vessels. *Bathyscaphe* diving chambers of the sort in which 13,000-foot descents have been made in Europe are a must. Airplanes should be used for marine observations. Deep-water cables and other equipment must be developed for "coring" the ocean bottom beyond the hundred-foot bites now being taken. Why not? On-shore oil drills go 23,000 feet down.

The most significant and cheering thing about oceanography at this juncture, Dr. Revelle thinks, is that the accumulated body of knowledge is sufficient that instead of just making observations, "we can formulate theories before the fact, the way real science is done." He says "we're getting to the point where we can ask questions of the ocean."

—Gladwin Hill.

THE HEAVENLY SEA

Man is a mystery moving between two unknowns. Behind him is the sea; ahead, the stars.

As Harrison Brown tells us (on page 45) the most hopeful vehicle for exploration of the ocean deeps is the *bathyscaphe*, a seagoing balloon. It is perhaps less well known that the soundest present-day clues to what human behavior may be under the stress and danger of spaceship confinement is the submarine.

The Scripps Institution of Oceanography, which Dr. Roger Revelle heads, has made itself a meeting place for the futures of the sea and the sky. Prominent among its recent associates is General Dynamics, which manufactures the hulls of atomic undersea craft simultaneously with its designing of interplanetary rockets. —J. L.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE DUBIOUS HARVEST

Will the Sea Pastures Yield Radioactive Bumper Crops?

ON LAND the cycle of life is relatively simple; we may describe it in four figurative stages. First is the grass, which by a subtle and complex chemistry captures the energy of sunlight and builds organic matter. Sheep and cows live on the grass; tigers and men eat them. The cycle is closed by bacteria, which decompose the dead bodies and the excreta of all living creatures, making their constituent substances again available as building materials for the plants.

In the sea the cycle is longer. Instead of grass there are the tiny floating plants called phytoplankton; in place of cows, the zooplankton animals that eat the plants are small crustaceans, no bigger than the head of a pin. Many kinds of tigers eat the cows, but they are also zooplankton, only a fraction of an inch in length. Other intermediate flesh-eaters exist between them and the fishes of our ocean harvest. . . .

Other characteristics . . . also tend to limit the harvest as compared to that from the land. One is . . . the ocean's . . . giant size; more than 70 per cent of all the sunlight that penetrates the atmosphere falls on the sea; moreover, this sunlight can act throughout the top twenty to 100 meters, thus the living space for plants and animals is far greater than on land. . . . The plants of the sea, on which all other living things depend, grow only in the waters near the surface where bright sunlight penetrates. These waters differ widely in fertility. Like the land, the ocean has its green pastures where life flourishes in abundance, and its deserts where a few poor plants and animals barely survive.

The fertility of the land depends on four things: water, temperature, intensity of sunlight, and available plant nutrients—substances that usually oc-

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cur in very small amounts but are essential for plant growth. In the sea, water is, of course, always abundant; the plants are well adapted to the narrow range of temperature; the intensity of sunlight determines the length of the growing season and the depth of growth, but usually not the differences in fertility. These depend only on the plant nutrients in the waters near the surface. As in any well-worked soil on land, the nutrients in the waters must be replenished each year. They are continually depleted by the slow sinking of plant and animal remains from the brightly lighted near-surface layers into the dark waters of the depths.

Men plow the soil to restore its fertility; the fertility of the sea is restored when nutrient-rich deeper waters are brought up near the surface. The "plowing" of the sea is accomplished in three ways. In some regions winds drive the surface waters away from the coast or away from an internal boundary, and nutrient-rich waters well up from mid-depths. In other areas, the surface waters are cooled to near freezing in the winter, become heavy and sink, and mix with the deep waters. Elsewhere, violent mixing occurs along the boundaries between ocean currents, and deeper waters are thereby brought into the brightly lighted zone. . . .

The amount of fission products reaching the sea from nuclear explosions depends on a number of factors such as the location of the burst, the distance above (or below) the surface, and the size of the weapon or device. . . . In the case of large, megaton devices (H-bombs), half or more of the total fission products are injected into the stratosphere from which there is a slow leakage into the troposphere . . . and subsequent fallout fairly evenly over the entire northern hemisphere, with lesser amounts in the southern hemisphere. . . . Of this long-term fallout, up to seventy-one per cent falls on the oceans, since this is the proportion of the earth's surface covered by them. . . . Some of the fallout on the land also will eventually reach the sea through land drainage or river runoff. . . .

Radio-isotopes in fallout on the land remain largely in the upper few inches of the soil. Fallout on the sea, on the contrary, is rapidly diffused through the upper mixed layer, some seventy-five meters deep on the average. Consequently, for conditions of equal fallout, the concentrations of radio-isotopes in the part of the sea from which they are taken up by man's food organisms are less than in the soil. . . . Even large quantities of (radio) activity introduced at the surface in the open sea become sufficiently dispersed to constitute no direct hazard after a relatively short time, as has been shown by the dispersion of the activity resulting from weapons tests in the Pacific. If the direct hazard were the only consideration, sea disposal of radioactive wastes would give rise to difficulties only in small areas near the disposal sites. . . .

THE most serious potential hazards to human beings from the introduction of radioactive products into the marine environment are those that may arise through the uptake of radio-isotopes by organisms used for human food. There are several reasons why these indirect hazards are more critical than the direct hazards: (1) The radiation received from a given quantity of an isotope ingested as food is much greater than the dose from the same quantity in the external environment; (2) many elements, including some of those having radioactive isotopes . . ., are concentrated by factors up to several thousand by the organisms in the sea. . . .

The only place in the ocean in which we can be confident at this time that radioactive wastes of the order of some tons a year can be safely deposited is in the depths of the sea. Knowledge is, however, insufficient to determine whether radioactive materials of the order of the expected production from power reactors (atomic furnaces) in the next few decades could be disposed of in this way. . . . It appears certainly safe to employ quantities up to a few tons a year in careful experimental studies. It is not impossible that 1,000 tons a year can be safely disposed of in deep, isolated basins where the residence time is much greater than the 300-year average estimated for the deep sea generally. For quantities of the order of 100 tons a year or more, effects on the animal populations of the deep sea, and resulting effects on the whole ecology of the sea could become important; as to this no information is at present available.

Our knowledge of most of the processes in the oceans is altogether too fragmentary to permit precise predictions of the results of the introduction of a given quantity of radioactive materials at any particular place. In order to obtain the necessary knowledge, an adequate, long-range program of research on the physics, chemistry and geology of the sea, and on the biology and ecology of its contained organisms is required. Such research must be directed toward the understanding of general principles, not simply to the *ad hoc* solution of a particular . . . (immediate) . . . local problem . . . Adequate solutions will demand the collection of much more knowledge about the sea and its contents than the total obtained in the past hundred years. . . .

Although some research is under way, the level of effort is too low. Far more important, much of the present research is too short-range in character. . . . We recommend that in future weapons tests there should be a serious effort to obtain the maximum of purely scientific information about the ocean, the atmosphere, and marine organisms. This requires, in our opinion, the following steps: (1) In the planning stage, committees of disinterested scientists should be consulted and their recommendations followed; (2) funds should be made available for scientific studies unrelated to the character of the weapons themselves; (3) the recommended scientific program should be supported and carried out independently of the military program rather than on a "not to interfere" basis. . . . In our opinion, benefits would result from a considerable relaxation of secrecy in a serious attempt to spread knowledge and understanding throughout the population.

—ROGER REVELLE AND MILNER B. SCHAEFER

in "The Effects of Atomic Radiation on Oceanography and Fisheries" (National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council, $2).

FOREBEARANCE

We must guard against manmade radioactivity without blinding ourselves to what natural radioisotope tracers can teach about phenomena of transfer between the sea and the atmosphere.

Tritium, the "triple-hydrogen" from which H-bombs are made, was once thought to be produced by cosmic ray shattering of atoms in the air, and then scrubbed out of the sky into the sea by rainstorms. But tracer studies indicate that nine out of ten tritium atoms are tumbled into the ocean depths by direct molecular exchange between the air and the water. This would seem to mean that tritium cannot be created by cosmic ray collisions —there is too much of it to come that way. "Triple hydrogen" must actually be shot from the surface of the sun directly into Earth's atmosphere.

It had also been thought that land-growing plants breathe enough carbon dioxide from the air to keep Earth liveable for man despite the fumes his smokestacks have poured since the start of the Industrial Revolution. Now it appears that eighty-two per cent of the carbon dioxide is swallowed by the sea, which thus protects man from himself. —J. L.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Martha Holmes.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Deep into the hollow peaks of inverted mountains that thrust from the floor of the Pacific toward the core of Earth. How? In a seagoing blimp. That romantic prospect is described below by Dr. Harrison Brown, professor of biochemistry at California Institute of Technology. Though not an oceanographer, Dr. Brown is, thanks to his reputation for keeping his mind open to new ideas, chairman of a committee named by the National Academy of Sciences to recommend how much money the United States government should spend on research beneath the sea. He modestly calls himself "just the secretary" of his committeemen, all ocean scholars: Maurice Ewing, C. O'D Iselin, Fritz Koczy, Sumner Pike, Roger Revelle, Gordon Riley, Milner Schaefer and Athelstan Spilhaus. Their report this summer should renew man's respect for his oldest ancestor.*

By HARRISON BROWN

(California Institute of Technology)

TO ME, one of the most beautiful and exciting experiences in life is to don a face-mask and dive into the sea adjacent to a coral reef. In but a second one is transported into a new universe—the strange world of undersea plants and animals, a silent world of activity and color. Even for one who has gone below the surface of the water only a few feet it is easy to understand why the undersea world has fascinated men for thousands of years.

But the oceans are deep and man's body is frail. The greater part of the ocean floor lies 10,000 to 20,000 feet below the water's surface and at one point in the Pacific Ocean, off the Marianas, the depth is between 35,290 and 35,640 feet. At such depths the pressures are enormous. At 20,000 feet, for example, every square inch of an object is subjected to 8,600 pounds of pressure. In the Challenger trench pressure reaches 14,200 pounds or more than seven tons per square inch.

Even with the help of rather elaborate diving equipment, including tanks of compressed air, a man is severely limited in the depths which he can personally explore. Trained divers frequently venture down to about 200 feet, but below that depth the dangers increase rapidly. Using special techniques, one diver successfully descended 600 feet, but even this is but a small fraction of the depth of water which must be penetrated if the greater part of the ocean floor is to be studied directly by man.

Primarily for this reason, most of our knowledge concerning the depths of the oceans has thus far been obtained with instruments and sampling devices operated from surface ships. Intricate instruments are used to determine in detail the profile of the ocean floor. Special bottles are used to obtain samples of sea water from a great range of depths. Gadgets have been invented which enable us to obtain samples of the soft sediments from the ocean floor. Ingenious techniques have been devised to obtain biological specimens from the deeps. Limited regions of the ocean floor have been photographed. Remote control methods have been used to determine the temperatures, acoustical properties and rates of movement of deep waters. Seismic waves generated by underwater explosions have been used to study the layers of sediments which cover the ocean floor.

Oceanographic research, even with these remote control techniques, is being vigorously pursued today at only a few places in the world. In the United States a mere handful of institutions is engaged in deep sea research and all of these are understaffed and underfinanced. Oceanographic expeditions are expensive and there are few willing donors. Indeed, in terms of cost per unit of information which is gained (but certainly not in terms of available funds), oceanography probably ties for second place with nuclear physics. Space-research, of course, leads all contenders in terms of the ratio of cost to gained knowledge.

Oceanographers have learned a great deal about the depths of the sea—but not nearly enough. It can fairly be said that the knowledge thus far obtained tells us primarily that the deep sea is an extremely complex environment and that much more information must be obtained before the details of ocean physics, chemistry, geology and biology can be understood.

When we consider the importance of the oceans to man, the lack of adequate support of research aimed at understanding them seems incredible. The seas cover seventy-one per cent of the earth's surface. Their waters nurtured the primitive life of our planet. Today they nurture life which provides us with considerable quantities of food. In the decades ahead the pressures of living will compel us to extract far more from them than we are extracting now. We must understand the seas if we are to understand climate. In the realm of national defense, we are being driven back to the seas. The submarine problem, for example, has now become the most critical military problem confronting us, both offensively and defensively.

Imagine what the status of our geological knowledge would be today had most of our information concerning the land areas of the earth been obtained without our being able to look at rocks in place and study them in relation to their environments. Even worse, imagine what the status of our terrestrial zoological knowledge would be if we were never able to study the diverse life forms in their natural environments. As a friend of mine once remarked, it is doubtful that *The Origin of Species* would have been written had a motion-picture camera been substituted for Charles Darwin on the voyage of the Beagle.

It is important that man himself be able to journey to the deepest regions of the oceans and observe directly the diverse biological and geological relationships which prevail. But how can he do this, confronted as he is by the tremendous pressures which are involved?

Submarines simply cannot withstand pressures below a few hundred feet. A shell built strong enough to descend to several thousand feet would be so heavy that it would not float. Realizing this, William Beebe devised a steel sphere, strong enough to withstand the pressures of the deep sea, which could be lowered from a ship by cable. This device, known as the bathysphere, was launched in 1930. During the next several years descents were made in it to nearly 4,500 feet. These descents were

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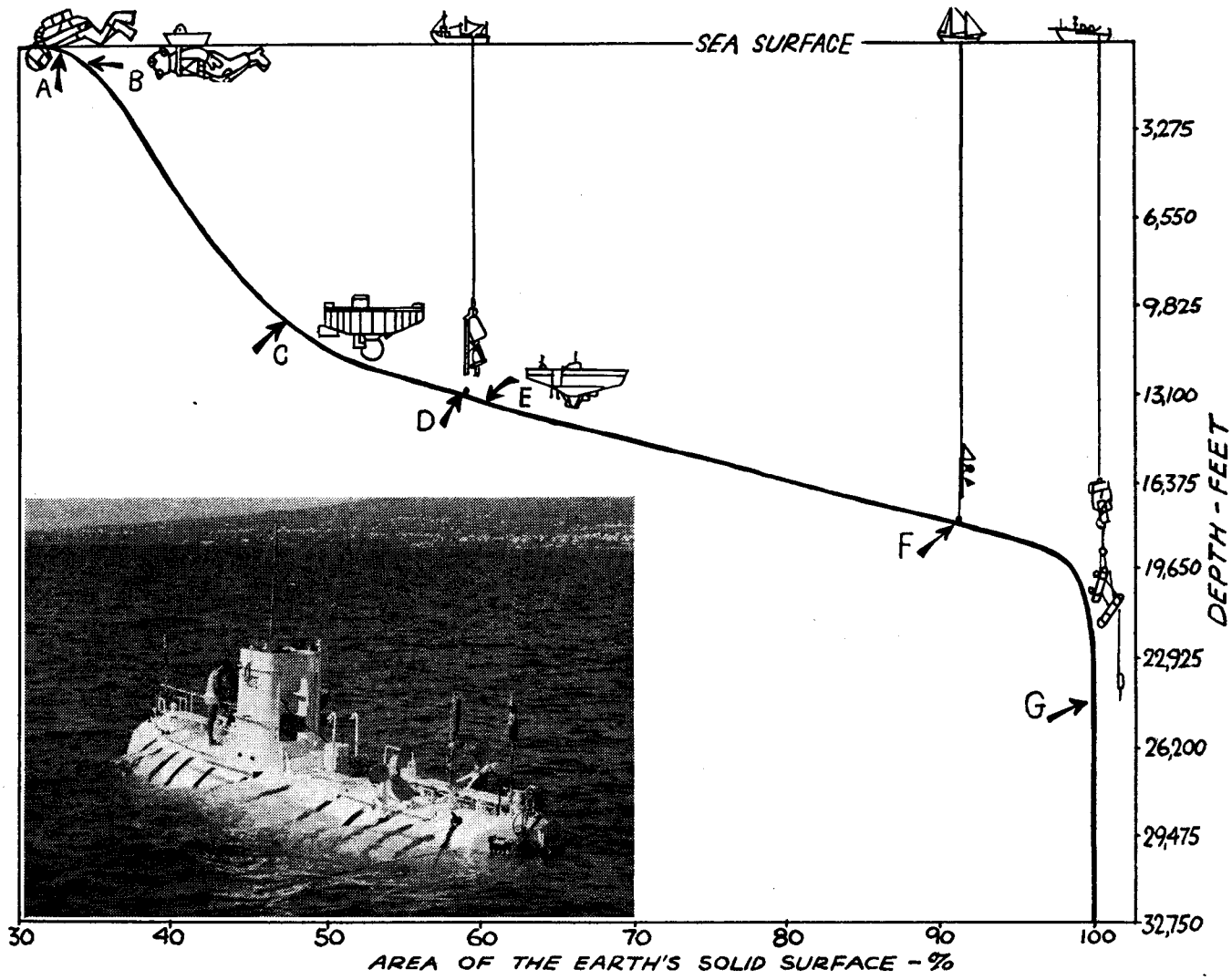
major breakthroughs, but even so the bathysphere suffered from major disadvantages not the least of which involved the danger of the cable breaking or being fouled.

Shortly after World War II, August Piccard built the first device which was capable of carrying men to great depths and returning them to the surface safely, without being attached to a ship by cable. Called the *bathyscaphe* (bathos—deep; scaphos—ship), this device is simply an underwater balloon. It consists of a sturdy spherical steel gondola with plexiglass portholes, all strong enough to withstand the pressure, attached to a buoyant tank which is lighter than water. The buoyant tank consists of a steel shell filled with gasoline. As the compressibility of gasoline is about the same as that of sea water, the pressure at depth presents no great problem and the steel shell of the buoyant tank can be made relatively thin.

In order to descend, sufficient iron ballast is added to the *bathyscaphe* to make it heavier than water. When the desired depth is reached, sufficient ballast is released through magnetic valves to permit the device to "hover." In surfacing, more ballast is released. External battery-powered searchlights permit photography. Battery-powered propellers provide horizontal motion.

The first *bathyscaphe,* made in Belgium under Piccard's direction, descended to over 4,500 feet, empty and controlled by an automatic pilot. A new model, built collaboratively by the Belgians and the French, descended successfully, with crew, to 12,150 feet in 1954. This device, commanded by Captain G. Houot, has subsequently made numerous dives during the course of which considerable information has been gathered. August Piccard and his son, Jacques, built a third *bathyscaphe,* the Trieste, in Italy and a number of deep descents have been made, many with American scientists.

I had the privilege of watching the Trieste make three dives off Capri last summer and it was a most exciting experience. I realized then for the first time that a major breakthrough had really been achieved and that in principle man could now journey to remotest depths of the oceans and study them first hand. Thus far, *bathyscaphe* technology is essentially a European technology. But proposals are already being considered for the construction of a similar device in this country. The U.S. Navy soon will bring the Trieste to San Diego for experiments. Given proper support, there is little question but that there will be many devices, operating on the *bathyscaphe* principle, in the United States in a few years. Already men have descended 2½ miles. In another ten years scientists may descend to the bottom of the Challenger Deep—which is as deep as one can go. The knowledge we stand to gain from this revolutionary development is marvelous to contemplate.



DOWN FROM THE STRATOSPHERE INTO THE SEA went August Piccard's mind; up came the *bathyscaphe* (U.S. Navy official photo, lower left). Chart (after *Scientific Monthly*) records man's progress in observing seafloor. Skin diver (A) and suit diver (B) are hardly below the level of land occupying twenty-nine per cent of Earth. Bathyscaphes (C) and (E), cameras (D), (F), (G) suggest rest of story.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1267

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Number of Mr. Weller's "mile of females" with whom a coachman might be on the amicablest terms without their expecting him to marry one of them.	16 121 100 74 5 132
B. Former name of the S Amer. River explored by T. Roosevelt and later named *in his honor.*	76 166 145 175 85
C. Milton's young first wife, who left him for a couple of years within a month; Hudson River steamer for many years (2 wds.).	62 148 103 143 79 180 119 11 179 21
D. Lie.	106 57 169 60 131 111 123
E. Small choice piece of lean meat.	155 130 184 26 127 81 163 75
F. Godhead.	153 52 116 2 88
G. To be incumbent upon.	165 188 86 9 126 92
H. What seemed to Hamlet "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" (3 wds., followed by "world").	157 69 185 110 12 59 167 6 1 128
I. Epidermic lining of a hair follicle (2 wds.).	137 102 164 14 160 168 182 32 113 89
J. One who devotes himself to a lady as her champion.	83 141 108 49 64 58
K. Take the first steps.	65 118 34 67 146
L. Followed by Word O, substance of a "swearing in" (2 wds.).	71 82 27 120 19 156
M. In math., absence of all magnitude or quantity.	162 144 73 37 154 109 124
N. Open space on left bank, Paris, scene of many historical events (2 wds.).	97 15 178 55 20 183 7 138 151 48 107
O. See World L.	61 72 13 23 36 56
P. *What we now know as the* "Gay" decade, though solemn enough at the time.	94 125 68 159 172 3 176 95
Q. Vivacity; merriment.	122 98 46 77 53
R. Function or capacity of the *mind.*	104 142 78 90 115 47 43 54
S. What George Washington called a doctor.	8 84 39 187 28
T. Pliny's 3 Latin wds. as to the whereabout of Truth.	112 186 51 93 40 133 149 22 31 174 63 171 158
U. Nautical greeting.	136 45 105 150
V. Athenian statesman and general against the Spartans. (late 5th—early 4th cents. B.C.).	33 170 135 140 80 129 181 114 173 96 4
W. Firmly rooted (said of something bad or hurtful).	25 152 91 87 42 18 177 35 24 29
X. The Macedonian location of heaven to the ancient Greeks.	117 101 139 38 17 134 66
Y. Apprenticeship.	147 50 10 161 44 30 99 41 70

				1 H	2 F		3 P	4 V		5 A	6 H	7 N		8 S	9 G	10 Y
11 C		12 H	13 O		14 I	15 N	16 A		17 X	18 W	19 L	20 N	21 C	22 T		23 O
24 W		25 W	26 E		27 L	28 S	29 W	30 Y	31 T		32 I	33 V	34 K	35 W	36 O	37 M
38 X	39 S	40 T	41 Y		42 W	43 R		44 Y	45 U	46 Q	47 R	48 N		49 J	50 Y	51 T
52 F	53 Q	54 R	55 N	56 O	57 D	58 J		59 H	60 D	61 O	62 C		63 T	64 J	65 K	
66 X	67 K	68 P	69 H	70 Y		71 L	72 O		73 M	74 A	75 E		76 B	77 Q	78 R	79 C
	80 V	81 E	82 L	83 J	84 S		85 B	86 G	87 W	88 F		89 I	90 R	91 W	92 G	
93 T	94 P		95 P	96 V	97 N	98 Q		99 Y		100 A	101 X	102 I	103 C	104 R	105 U	106 D
107 N		108 J	109 M	110 H	111 D	112 T	113 I	114 V	115 R	116 F	117 X	118 K		119 C	120 L	121 A
122 Q	123 D		124 M	125 P	126 G	127 E	128 H		129 V	130 E	131 D		132 A	133 T	134 X	135 V
	136 U	137 I	138 N	139 X		140 V	141 J	142 R		143 C	144 M	145 B	146 K		147 Y	148 C
149 T	150 U		151 N	152 W	153 F		154 M	155 E	156 L	157 H	158 T	159 P	160 I		161 Y	162 M
163 E	164 I		165 G	166 B	167 H	168 I		169 D	170 V	171 T	172 P		173 V	174 T	175 B	176 P
177 W	178 N	179 C		180 C	181 V	182 I	183 N	184 E	185 H	186 T	187 S	188 G				

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 30 of this issue.

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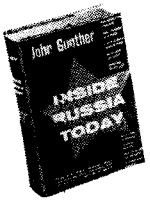

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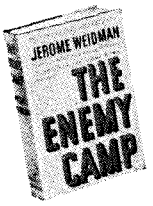

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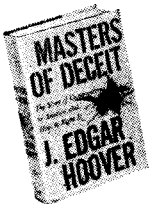

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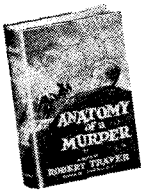

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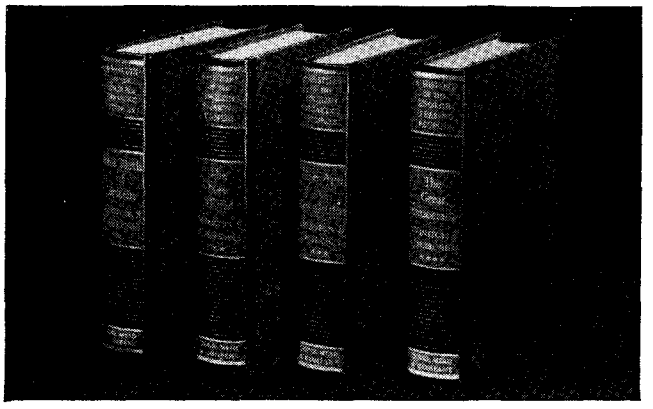

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